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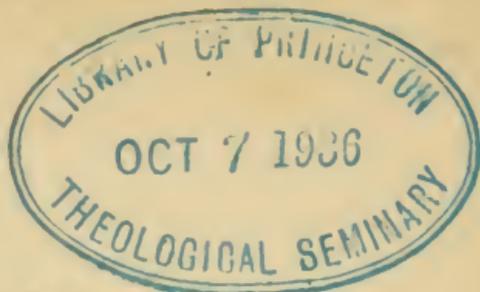


HYMNS AND CHANTS.

Printed by Andrews, Prentiss & Studley,
4 Devonshire Street.

John Nazro.

THE



✓
DISCIPLES' HYMN BOOK:

A

COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND CHANTS

FOR

Public and Private Devotion.

PREPARED FOR THE USE OF THE CHURCH OF THE DISCIPLES.

'I WILL SING WITH THE SPIRIT, AND I WILL SING WITH THE
UNDERSTANDING ALSO.' . . . PAUL.

James Freeman Clark

BOSTON:

BENJAMIN H. GREENE.

1844.

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COMPILER'S NOTICE.

OF making many Hymn Books there is no end. No Hymn Book in fact can perfectly satisfy any one but its author; for we select hymns by our tastes rather than our judgment, and our taste in hymns is determined frequently by early accidental associations. We cannot expect perfect contentment therefore with our collections, till each one has made his own. Meantime, this little book has been constructed on a principle of omission rather than of selection. We wished to omit those hymns, numerous in all books, which are seldom used. We have not aimed therefore at a variety of thought, but at a fulness of sentiment. All *didactic* hymns have been omitted, as we judge that the office of a hymn is not to preach but to sing. Some beautiful poetry too, which seemed rather of a meditative than a choral character, has been reluctantly but rigorously excluded. On the other hand, we have again searched the Methodist collections

carefully, and have found many a song of praise and devotion, well adapted to raise the soul to God. We have also tried to provide for those various occasions in which an appropriate sentiment deeply penetrates the heart. Remembering that our singing is an act of worship, the hymns in this book are mostly direct addresses to God. Nor have we scrupled to address also our risen Master; for though he has taught us that all worship and prayer must be directed to the Father, (John iv. 23; xvi. 23; Luke xi. 2,) yet if we believe that he is 'with us always,' (Matt. xxviii. 20,) we may surely speak to him as a present Saviour, invoking his sympathy and thanking him for his friendship.

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Morning and Evening.

1 L. M. BISHOP KENN.

Morning Resolutions.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul! and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time, mispent, redeem ;
Each present day thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talent with due care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere ;
Keep conscience, as the noontide, clear ;
Think how the all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
Scatter my sins like morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
 All I design, or do, or say,
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

2

S. M.

WATTS.

Morning. . . Light of the Gospel.

- 1 BEHOLD the morning sun
 Begins his glorious way!
 His beams through all the nations run,
 And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes,
 It spreads diviner light ;
 It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
 And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word !
 And all thy judgments just !
 Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
 And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain
 Are thy directions given !
 O may I never read in vain,
 But find the path to heaven.
- 5 I hear thy word with love,
 And I would fain obey ;
 Send thy good Spirit from above,
 To guide me, lest I stray.

6 While with my heart and tongue
 I spread thy praise abroad,
 Accept the worship and the song,
 My Saviour and my God.

3

L. M. HAWKESWORTH.

*M*orning. . . . *P*rayer for *P*rotection.

- 1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
 I safely passed the silent night:
 Again I see the breaking shade,
 I drink again the morning light.
- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour ;
 Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;
 My conscious soul resumes her power,
 And springs, my guardian God ! to thee.
- 3 O guide me through the various maze
 My doubtful feet are doomed to tread ;
 And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
 Where dangers press around my head.
- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
 A deeper sleep my eyes oppress ;
 Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
 Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away,
 That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes :
 Thy light shall give eternal day ;
 Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

Morning. . . . Prayer for Guidance.

- 1 GOD of the morning, at whose voice
 The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
 And like a giant doth rejoice
 To run his journey through the skies ;
- 2 Oh, like the sun may I fulfil
 The appointed duties of the day ;
 With ready mind and active will
 March on, and keep my heavenly way.
- 3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
 Enlightening our beclouded eyes ;
 Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure ;
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 4 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
 And then receive me to thy bliss ;
 All my desires and hopes beside
 Are faint and cold, compared with this.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 Now the shades of night are gone ;
 Now the morning light is come ;
 Lord, may we be thine to-day,
 Drive the shades of sin away.

- 2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and clear our sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we stand, and watch and pray.
- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.
- 4 When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

6

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Morning. . . God's Care.

- 1 WHAT secret hand, at morning light,
Softly unseals mine eye,
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And opens earth and sky?
- 2 'T is thine, my God, — the same that kept
My resting hours from harm;
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
Beneath the Almighty's arm.
- 3 'T is thine — my daily bread that brings,
Like manna scattered round,
And clothes me, as the lily springs
In beauty from the ground.

4 In death's dark valley though I stray,
 'T would there my steps attend,
 Guide with the staff my lonely way,
 And with the rod defend.

5 May that sure hand uphold me still
 Through life's uncertain race,
 To bring me to thine holy hill,
 And to thy dwelling-place.

Morning or Evening.

- 1 As every day thy mercy spares
 Will bring its trials or its cares,
 O Father! till my life shall end,
 Be thou my counsellor and friend;
 Teach me thy statutes all divine,
 And let thy will be always mine.
- 2 When each day's scenes and labors close,
 And wearied nature seeks repose,
 With pardoning mercy, richly blest,
 Guard me, my Father, while I rest:
 And as each morning sun shall rise,
 O lead me onward to the skies!
- 3 And at my life's last setting sun,
 My conflicts o'er, my labors done,—
 Father, thine heavenly radiance shed,
 To cheer and bless my dying bed;
 And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
 To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

Morning or Evening. . . . All from God.

- 1 FATHER! thy paternal care
Has my guardian been, my guide!
Every hallowed wish and prayer
Has thy hand of love supplied;
Thine is every thought of bliss,
Left by hours and days gone by;
Every hope thy offspring is,
Beaming from futurity.
- 2 Every sun of splendid ray;
Every moon that shines serene;
Every morn that welcomes day;
Every evening's twilight scene;
Every hour which wisdom brings;
Every incense at thy shrine;
These — and all life's holiest things,
And its fairest, — all are thine.
- 3 And for all, my hymns shall rise
Daily to thy gracious throne:
Thither let my asking eyes
Turn unwearied — righteous One!
Through life's strange vicissitude
There reposing all my care,
Trusting still, through ill and good,
Fixed, and cheered and counselled there.

Morning or Evening.

- 1 THEY who on the Lord rely,
Safely dwell though danger 's nigh;
Lo, his sheltering wings are spread
O'er each faithful servant's head.
- 2 Vain Temptation's wily snare,
Christians are Jehovah's care:
Harmless flies the shaft by day,
Or in darkness wings its way.
- 3 When they wake, or when they sleep,
Angel guards their vigils keep;
Death and danger may be near,
Faith and Love have nought to fear.

Morning or Evening.

- 1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

- 3 I yield my powers to thy command ;
 To thee I consecrate my days ;
 Perpetual blessings from thine hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

11

7s. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 INTERVAL of grateful shade,
 Welcome to my weary head !
 Welcome, slumbers to mine eyes,
 Tired with glaring vanities !
- 2 My great Master still allows
 Needful periods of repose :
 By my heavenly Father blest,
 Thus I give my powers to rest.
- 3 Heavenly Father, gracious name !
 Night and day his love the same !
 Far be each suspicious thought,
 Every anxious care forgot !
- 4 Thou, my ever-bounteous God,
 Crown'st my days with various good ;
 Thy kind eye, which cannot sleep,
 My defenceless hours shall keep.
- 5 What if death my sleep invade ?
 Should I be of death afraid ?
 While encircled by thine arm,
 Death may strike, but cannot harm.

6 With thy heavenly presence blest,
 Death is life, and labor rest :
 Welcome, sleep or death to me,
 Still secure, — for still with thee !

Evening Hymn.

- 1 INDULGENT GOD, whose bounteous care
 O'er all thy works is shown,
 O let my grateful praise and prayer
 Ascend before thy throne !
- 2 What mercies has this day bestowed !
 How largely hast thou blest !
 My cup with plenty overflowed,
 With cheerfulness my breast.
- 3 Now may sweet slumbers close my eyes,
 From pain and sickness free ;
 And let my waking thoughts arise
 To meditate on thee.
- 4 So bless each future day and night,
 Till life's fond scene is o'er ;
 At length, to realms of endless light
 Enraptured let me soar.

13

L. M.

BISHOP KENN.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thy own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, through thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That, with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O, may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him, ye angels round his throne ;
Praise God, the high and holy One.

14

7s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Evening Hymn.

Psalm cxli. 2.

- 1 SOFTLY now the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away ;
 Free from care, from labor free,
 Lord, I would commune with thee.
- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
 Nought escapes, without, within ;
 Pardon each infirmity,
 Open fault and secret sin.
- 3 Soon, for me, the light of day
 Shall forever pass away ;
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

15

C. M.

BOWRING.

Nature's Evening Hymn.

- 1 THE heavenly spheres to thee, O God,
 Attune their evening hymn ;
 All wise, all holy, thou art praised
 In song of seraphim !
 Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds,
 Unite to worship thee,
 While thy majestic greatness fills
 Space, time, eternity.

2 Nature, — a temple worthy thee,
That beams with light and love ;
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,
Whose stars rejoice above,
Whose altars are the mountain cliffs
That rise along the shore ;
Whose anthems, the sublime accord
Of storm and ocean roar ;

3 Her song of gratitude is sung
By spring's awakening hours ;
Her summer offers at thy shrine
Its earliest, loveliest flowers ;
Her autumn brings its ripened fruits,
In glorious luxury given ;
While winter's silver heights reflect
Thy brightness back to heaven.

4 On all thou smil'st ; and what is man
Before thy presence, God ?
A breath, but yesterday inspired,
Tomorrow but a clod.
That clod shall mingle in the vale,
But, kindled, Lord, by thee,
The spirit to thy arms shall spring,
To life, to liberty.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 **THUS** far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days!
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 **MUCH** of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
Peace is the pillow for my head :
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Faith in his name forbids my fear :
O may thy presence ne'er depart !
And in the morning make me hear
Thy love and kindness in my heart.
- 5 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

17

L. M.

Sabbath Evening.

1 THERE is a time when moments flow,
More happily than all beside ;
It is, of all the times below
A Sabbath at the eventide.

2 O then the setting sun shines fair,
And all below and all above
The various forms of Nature wear —
One universal garb of love.

3 And then the peace that Jesus brought
The life of grace eternal beams,
And we, by his example taught
Improve the life his love redeems.

4 Delightful scene ! a world at rest ;
A God all love ; no grief, no fear ;
A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,
A smile, unsullied by a tear.

Introduction and Close of Public Worship.

18

L. M.

SALISBURY COL.

The House of God.

- 1 Lo, God is here ! Let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face ;
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace.

- 2 Lo, God is here ! Him, day and night,
United choirs of angels sing :
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest homage bring.

- 3 Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill !
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will !

19

L. M.

N. YORK COL.

Seeking a Blessing.

- 1 GREAT God! the followers of thy Son
We bow before thy mercy-seat
To worship thee, the Holy One,
And pour our wishes at thy feet.
- 2 O grant thy blessing here to-day!
O give thy people joy and peace!
The tokens of thy love display,
And favor, that shall never cease.
- 3 We seek the truth that Jesus brought;
His path of light, we long to tread;
Here be his holy doctrines taught,
And here, their purest influence shed.
- 4 May faith, and hope, and love abound;
Our sins and errors be forgiven;
And we, in thy great day, be found
Children of God and heirs of heaven.

20

L. M.

WATTS.

Benefit of Ordinances.

- 1 AWAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth, our souls retreat;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.

- 2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace,
 We bow before thee and adore ;
 We view the glories of thy face,
 And learn the wonders of thy power.
- 3 Whilst here our various wants we mourn,
 United prayers ascend on high ;
 And faith expects a sure return
 Of blessings in variety.
- 4 Here, when our spirit faints and dies,
 And conscience smarts with inward stings ;
 The Sun of righteousness shall rise,
 With healing beams beneath his wings.
- 5 Here would our ravished souls abide ;
 Or if from hence we must depart,
 Let neither life nor death divide
 Our God and Saviour from our heart.

Longing for the House of Prayer.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thine earthly temples are !
 To thine abode
 My heart aspires,
 With warm desires
 To see my God.

- 2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest :
 My spirit faints,
 With equal zeal
 To rise and dwell
 Among thy saints.
- 3 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there !
 They praise thee still ;
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To Zion's hill !
- 4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears :
 O glorious seat,
 When God our King
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet !
- 5 The Lord his people loves ;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls :

Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee!

Praise to our Creator.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name!
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Thou Lord art good, thou Lord art kind;
Great is thy grace, thy mercy sure;
And the whole race of men shall find
Thy truth from age to age endure.

6 Wide as the world is thy command ;
 Vast as eternity thy love ;
 Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

23

S. M.

E. TAYLOR.

Invitation to the House of God.

- 1 COME to the house of prayer,
 O thou afflicted, come ;
 The God of peace shall meet thee there ;
 He makes that house his home.
- 2 Come to the house of praise,
 Ye who are happy now ;
 In sweet accord your voices raise,
 In kindred homage bow.
- 3 Ye aged, hither come,
 For ye have felt his love ;
 Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
 Your lips forget to move.
- 4 Ye young, before his throne,
 Come, bow ; your voices raise ;
 Let not your hearts his praise disown,
 Who gives the power to praise.
- 5 Thou, whose benignant eye
 In mercy looks on all, —
 Who seest the tear of misery,
 And hear'st the mourner's call, —

6 Up to thy dwelling-place,
 Bear our frail spirits on,
 Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
 And heaven on earth be won.

24

8 & 7s. M. J. TAYLOR.

Surrounding the Mercy Seat.

- 1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
 Sordid hopes and fond desires,
 Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
 Every heart to heaven aspires.
 From the Fount of glory beaming,
 Light celestial cheers our eyes;
 Mercy from above proclaiming
 Peace and pardon from the skies.
- 2 Who may share this great salvation? —
 Every pure and humble mind;
 Every kindred, tongue and nation,
 From the dross of guilt refined:
 Blessings all around bestowing,
 God withholds his care from none;
 Grace and mercy ever flowing
 From the fountain of his throne.
- 3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
 Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
 Still thy providence adoring,
 Faithful subjects to thy laws.

Lord! with favor still attend us,
 Bless us with thy wondrous love ;
 Thou, our sun and shield, defend us ;
 All our hope is from above.

25

L. M. TATE & BRADY.

Public Worship.

- 1 For thee, O God, our constant praise
 In Zion waits, thy chosen seat ;
 Our promised altars there we'll raise,
 And all our zealous vows complete.
- 2 O thou, who to my humble prayer
 Didst always bend thy listening ear,
 To thee shall all mankind repair,
 And at thy gracious throne appear.
- 3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
 To stop thy flowing mercy try ;
 While thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
 And washest out the crimson die.
- 4 Blest is the man, who, near thee placed,
 Within thy sacred dwelling lives ;
 While we, at humble distance taste
 The vast delights thy worship gives.

26

L. M.

FROTHINGHAM.

Truth and Love.

- 1 O God, whose presence glows in all
 Within, around us, and above!
 Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
 Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.
- 2 That truth be with the heart believed
 Of all who seek this sacred place;
 With power proclaimed, in peace received —
 Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.
- 3 That love its holy influence pour,
 To keep us meek, and make us free,
 And throw its binding blessing more
 Round each with all, and all with thee.
- 4 Send down its angel to our side —
 Send in its calm upon the breast;
 For we would know no other guide,
 And we can need no other rest.

27

7s. M.

BOWRING.

The Rich and Poor meet together.

- 1 COME the rich, and come the poor,
 To the Christian temple door;
 Let their mingled prayers ascend
 To the Universal Friend.

- 2 Here the rich and poor may claim
Common ancestry and name;
Claim a common heritage
In the gospel's promise page.
- 3 Of the same materials wrought;
By the same Instructor taught;
Walking in life's common way;
Tending to the same decay;—
- 4 Rich and poor at last shall meet
At the heavenly mercy-seat,
Where the name of rich and poor
Never shall be uttered more.

28

C. M.

FROTHINGHAM.

The Church.

- 1 O LORD of life, and truth, and grace,
Ere nature was begun,
Make welcome to our erring race
Thy Spirit and thy Son.
- 2 We hail the church, built high o'er all
The heathens' rage and scoff,
Thy Providence its fenced wall,
"The Lamb the light thereof."
- 3 Thy Christ hath reached his heavenly seat
Through sorrows and through scars;
The golden lamps are at his feet,
And in his hand the stars.

4 O, may he walk among us here,
 With his rebuke and love, —
 A brightness o'er this lower sphere,
 A ray from worlds above.

Invoking a Blessing.

- 1 LORD! when thy people seek thy face,
 And dying sinners pray to live,
 Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
 And, when thou hearest, O forgive!
- 2 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
 The blessed Gospel of thy Son,
 Still, by the power of his great name,
 Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 3 Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
 When children's voices raise that song,
 Hosanna! let their angels sing,
 And heaven with earth the strain prolong.
- 4 But will indeed Jehovah deign
 Here to abide, no transient guest?
 Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
 And here the Holy Spirit rest?
- 5 That glory never hence depart!
 Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
 Thy kingdom come to every heart,
 In every bosom fix thy throne.

The Presence of Christ.

1 JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim!
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name:
Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

2 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.
We meet, the grace to take
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

3 Present we know thou art;
But, O, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel!
O may thy quick'ning voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love!

31

C. M. METHODIST COL.

Desiring to meet with Christ.

- 1 SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see,
The promis'd blessing give!
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.
- 2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are joined;
We wait, according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.
- 3 With us thou art assembled here;
But, O, thyself reveal!
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel.

32

L. M.

WATTS.

Preparation for Religious Worship.

- 1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone;
Let my religious hours alone;
From flesh and sense I would be free,
And hold communion, Lord, with thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire
To see thy grace, to taste thy love,
And feel thine influence from above.

- 3 When I can say that God is mine,
When I can see thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that men call rich and great.
- 4 Send comfort down from thy right hand,
To cheer me in this barren land ;
And in thy temple let me know
The joys that from thy presence flow.

33

C. M.

WATTS.

Sincerity and Hypocrisy.

- 1 God is a Spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind ;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear ;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground ;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
 And make my soul sincere ;
 Then shall I stand before thy face,
 And find acceptance there.

34

7s. M.

J. TAYLOR.

Engagedness in Devotion.

- 1 LORD, before thy presence come,
 Bow we down with holy fear ;
 Call our erring footsteps home,
 Let us feel that thou art near.
- 2 Wandering thoughts and languid powers
 Come not where devotion kneels ;
 Let the soul expand her stores,
 Glowing with the joy she feels.
- 3 At the portals of thine house,
 We resign our earth-born cares :
 Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
 Songs of praise and fervent prayers.

35

C. M.

BOWRING.

Pure Worship.

- 1 THE offerings to thy throne which rise,
 Of mingled praise and prayer,
 Are but a worthless sacrifice
 Unless the heart is there.

- 2 Upon thine all-discerning ear
 Let no vain words intrude ;
 No tribute but the vow sincere,
 The tribute of the good.
- 3 My offerings will indeed be blest,
 If sanctified by thee ;
 If thy pure spirit touch my breast
 With its own purity.
- 4 O, may that spirit warm my heart
 To piety and love,
 And to life's lowly vale impart
 Some rays from heaven above.

36

7s. M.

BOWRING.

Humble Worship.

- 1 **WHEN** before thy throne we kneel,
 Filled with awe and holy fear,
 Teach us, O our God, to feel,
 All thy sacred presence near.
- 2 Check each proud and wandering thought
 When on thy great name we call ;
 Man is nought, is less than nought ;
 Thou, our God, art all in all.
- 3 Weak, imperfect creatures, we
 In this vale of darkness dwell ;
 Yet presume to look to thee
 'Midst thy light ineffable.

4 O receive the praise that dares
 Seek thy heaven-exalted throne;
 Bless our offerings, hear our prayers,
 Infinite and Holy One!

37

L. M.

PIERPONT.

Invocation.

- 1 O, bow thine ear, Eternal One;
 On thee, our heart adoring calls;
 To thee, the followers of thy Son
 Bend low within these sacred walls.
- 2 Here let thy holy days be kept,
 And be this place to worship given,
 Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,—
 The house of God, the gate of heaven.
- 3 Here may thine honor dwell; and here,
 As incense, let thy children's prayer,
 From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
 Rise on the still and holy air.
- 4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung;
 Here let thy truth beam forth to save,
 As when, of old, thy Spirit hung,
 On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.
- 5 And when the lips, that with thy name
 Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
 On others may devotion's flame
 Be kindled here, and purely burn.

38

C. M.

BRYANT.

Exploring the Compassion of God.

- 1 O God, whose dread and dazzling brow
Love never yet forsook,
On those who seek thy presence now,
In deep compassion look ;—
- 2 For many a frail and erring heart
Is in thy holy sight,
And feet too willing to depart
From the plain way of right.
- 3 Yet, pleased the humble prayer to hear,
And kind to all that live,
Thou, when thou seest the contrite tear,
Art ready to forgive.
- 4 Lord, aid us with thy heavenly grace
Our truest bliss to find,
Nor sternly judge our erring race,
So feeble and so blind.

39

C. M.

BISHOP HEBER.

The Seed of the Word.

- 1 O God, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest ;
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast ;—

- 2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
 And plunderers of the air ;
 The sultry sun's intenser heat,
 And weeds of worldly care.
- 3 Though buried deep, or thinly strown,
 Do thou thy grace supply ;
 The hope in earthly furrows sown
 Shall ripen in the sky.

40

7s. M.

SALISBURY COL.

Adoration.

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord !
 Be thy glorious name adored ;
 Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
 Hail, celestial goodness, hail !
- 2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
 Deign our humble songs to hear ;
 Purer praise we hope to bring,
 When around thy throne we sing.
- 3 There no tongue shall silent be ;
 All shall join in harmony ;
 That through heaven's capacious round
 Praise to thee may ever sound.
- 4 Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
 Hail, celestial goodness, hail !
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !
 Be thy glorious name adored.

41

S. M.

WATTS.

Praise from all Nations.

- 1 THY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound*through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth forever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honors spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

42

8 & 7s. M.

J. NEWTON.

Benediction.

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

43

8 & 7s. M.

CALAMY.

Before or after Sermon.

- 1 LORD of Nature, source of light,
 In pity view thy world below ;
 Guide our erring footsteps right,
 Through these scenes of guilt and woe.
- 2 Grant thy Spirit! By thy kindness
 Let our errors be forgiven ;
 Heal our sins, dispel our blindness,
 Then, conduct us safe to heaven.

44

C. M.

WATTS.

A Blessed Gospel.

- 1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
 The gospel's joyful sound,
 Peace shall attend the paths they go,
 And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
 Through their Redeemer's name ;
 His righteousness exalts their hope,
 Nor dares the world condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
 Strength and salvation gives :
 Israel, thy King forever reigns,
 Thy God forever lives.

45

7s. M. 6 l. SPIRIT OF THE PS.

Future Glory of the Church.

- 1 ON thy church, O Power Divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine ;
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star ;
Till her sons from zone to zone
Make thy great salvation known.

- 2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land ;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

46

C. M.

CAPPE'S SEL.

Prayer for Divine Direction.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of life and light,
Supremely good and wise,
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.

- 2 Our dark and erring minds illumine
With truth's celestial rays ;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.

- 3 Safely conduct us, by thy grace,
 Through life's perplexing road ;
 And place us, when that journey's o'er,
 At thy right hand, O God.

Gospel Invitations.

- 1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
 Is whispering, 'Sinner, come ;'
 The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
 To all his children, 'come !'
- 2 Let him that heareth say
 To all about him, come !
 Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
 To Christ, the fountain, come !
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
 O let him freely come,
 And freely drink the stream of life ;
 'T is Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo ! Jesus, who invites,
 Declares, 'I quickly come :'
 Lord, even so ! I wait thine hour ;
 Jesus, my Saviour, come !

48

7s. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Invitations of Jesus.

- 1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice :
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrim, hither come !
- 2 Thou, who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste !
- 3 Ye, who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
Ye, whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise :
- 4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care :
A wounded spirit, who can bear ?
- 5 Sinner, come ! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound ;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

“Why will ye Die?”

- 1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die ?
 God, your Maker, asks you why ?
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live ;
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of his own hands,
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross his love, and die ?

- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 Christ, your Saviour, asks you why ?
 Christ, who did your souls retrieve,
 Died himself, that ye might live.
 Will you let him die in vain ?
 Crucify your Lord again ?
 Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
 Will ye slight his grace, and die ?

- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 In your hearts God asks you why ?
 He who all your lives hath strove —
 Woo'd you to embrace his love :
 Will ye not his grace receive ?
 Will ye still refuse to live ?
 Why, you long-sought sinners, why
 Will you grieve your God, and die ?

Invitation to Sinners.

- 1 COME, then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to paradise restor'd ;
His proffer'd benefits embrace ;
The plentitude of gospel-grace :
- 2 A pardon written with his blood,
The favor and the peace of God ;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence :
- 3 The godly grief, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart ;
The tears that tell your sins forgiven ;
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven :
- 4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
The unutterable tenderness ;
The genuine, meek humility ;
The wonder, "Why such love to me !"
- 5 The o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face ;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love !

Invitation to Sinners.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power;
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you,
'T is the spirit's struggling beam.
- 3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden;
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you 're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 4 Agonizing in the garden,
Blessed Jesus prostrate lies;
On the bloody cross behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinner, will not this suffice.

- 5 Saints and angels joined in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name —
 Hallelujah !
 Sinners here may do the same.

52

7s. M. 6 l. METHODIST COL.

- 1 WHY not now, my God, my God !
 Ready if thou always art,
 Make in me thy mean abode,
 Take possession of my heart :
 If thou canst so greatly bow,
 Friend of sinners, why not now ?
- 2 God of love, in this my day,
 For thyself to thee I cry :
 Dying, — if thou still delay,
 Must I not forever die ?
 Enter now thy poorest home,
 Now, my utmost Saviour, come !

53

8 & 7s. M. S. F. ADAMS.

- 1 PART in peace ! is day before us ?
 Praise his name for life and light ;
 Are the shadows lengthening o'er us ?
 Bless his care who guards the night.

2 Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving,
 Rendering, as we homeward tread,
 Gracious service to the living,
 Tranquil memory to the dead.

3 Part in peace! such are the praises
 God our Maker loveth best;
 Such the worship that upraises
 Human hearts to heavenly rest.

O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
 The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
 Whom kings adored in song sublime,
 And prophets praised with glowing tongue!

Not now on Zion's height alone
 Thy favored worshipper may dwell,
 Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
 Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies,
 The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
 The incense of the heart, may rise
 To heaven, and find acceptance there.

O, Thou to whom, in ancient time,
 The lyre of prophet-bards was strung,
 To thee, at last, in every clime
 Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

Lord's Day.

55

L. M.

STENNETT.

The Christian Sabbath Morning.

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun ;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest ;
Improve the day that God hath blest.
- 2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies,
And draw from Heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows!
- 3 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties let the day —
In holy pleasures — pass away ;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

The Day of Rest.

- 1 SWEET is the task, O Lord,
 Thy glorious acts to sing,
 To praise thy name, and hear thy word,
 And grateful offerings bring.
- 2 Sweet at the dawning hour,
 Thy boundless love to tell ;
 And when the night-wind shuts the flower,
 Still on the theme to dwell.
- 3 Sweet on this day of rest,
 To join in heart and voice,
 With those who love and serve thee best,
 And in thy name rejoice.
- 4 To songs of praise and joy,
 Be every Sabbath given,
 That such may be our blest employ
 Eternally in heaven.

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 WELCOME, welcome, quiet morning,
 Welcome is this holy day ;
 Now the Sabbath morn returning,
 Says a week has passed away.

Let me think how time is passing,
Soon the longest life departs,
Nothing human is abiding,
Save the love of humble hearts.

2 Love to God, and to our neighbor,
Makes our purest happiness ;
Vain the wish, the care, the labor,
Earth's poor trifles to possess.
Swift my life's vain dreams are passing,
Like the startled dove they fly ;
Or the clouds each other chasing,
Over yonder quiet sky.

3 Father, now one prayer I raise thee ;
Give an humble, grateful heart ;
Never let me cease to praise thee,
Never from thy fear depart.
Then, when years have gather'd o'er me,
And the world is sunk in shade,
Heaven's bright realm will rise before me ;
There my treasure will be laid.

58

L. M. SUN. SCHOOL H. B.

Sabbath Day.

1 WE bless thee for this sacred day,
Thou who hast every blessing given,
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.

- 2 Lord, in this day of holy rest,
 We would improve the calm repose ;
 And, in thy service truly blest,
 Forget the world, its joys and woes.
- 3 Lord ! may thy truth, upon the heart,
 Now fall and dwell as heavenly dew,
 And flowers of grace in freshness start
 Where once the weeds of error grew.
- 4 We would our prayers with fervor bring,
 And lay them at thy sacred throne ;
 And render praise, O heavenly King,
 To thee, whom praise can claim alone.

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 SAFELY through another week,
 God has brought us on our way ;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in his courts to-day.
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest !
- 2 Mercies, multiplied each hour,
 Through our lives, our praise demand ;
 Guarded by thy mighty power,
 Fed and guided by thy hand.
 Yet ungrateful we have been,
 Paying back these gifts with sin.

- 3 Lord, we pray for pardoning grace,
 In our dear Redeemer's name :
 Sin remove, and in its place
 Give us virtue's purest flame ;
 Thus, from all our sins set free,
 May we rest at last with thee.

60

S. M.

WATTS.

The Lord's Day.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise ;
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,
 And feasts his saints to-day ;
 Here we may sit and see him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
 Where my dear God hath been,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days
 Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 And sit and sing herself away
 To everlasting bliss.

The Eternal Sabbath.

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house ;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy churches rise.
- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there 's a nobler rest above ;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With earnest hope and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress ;
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place ;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal, noon.
- 5 O long expected day, begin ;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin ;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

62

L. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Sabbath Hymn.

- 1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
 Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
 What rites, what honors shall he pay?
 How spread his Sovereign's praise abroad?
- 2 From marble domes, and gilded spires,
 Shall curling clouds of incense rise?
 And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
 The costly pomp of sacrifice?
- 3 Vain, sinful man! Creation's Lord
 Thy golden offerings well may spare;
 But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
 Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

63

C. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Sabbath Hymn.

- 1 SLEEP, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
 Of earth and folly born;
 Ye shall not dim the light that streams
 From this celestial morn.
- 2 To-morrow will be time enough
 To feel your harsh control;
 Ye shall not violate, this day,
 The Sabbath of the soul.

- 3 Sleep, sleep forever, guilty thoughts ;
 Let fires of vengeance die ;
 And, purged from sin, may I behold
 A God of purity.

Sabbath Hymn.

- 1 CALLED by the Sabbath bells away,
 Unto thy holy temple, Lord,
 I 'll go, with willing mind to pray,
 To praise thy name and hear thy word.
- 2 O sacred day of peace and joy,
 Thy hours are ever dear to me ;
 Ne'er may a sinful thought destroy
 The holy calm I find in thee.
- 3 Dear are thy peaceful hours to me,
 For God has given them in his love
 To tell how calm, how blest shall be
 The endless day of heaven above.

Sunday Evening.

- 1 SACRED day, forever blest !
 Day of all our days the best !
 Welcome hours of praise and prayer,
 Free from toil, fatigue and care !

- 2 Happy, happy, happy, Lord,
 Those who hear and read thy word !
 Happy those who dwell with thee !
 Who thy grace and glory see.
- 3 We once more have heard thy voice,
 Lord, in thee our souls rejoice ;
 Borne by faith to worlds on high,
 Called to reign above the sky.
- 4 Though this day of rest we close,
 Still in thee our hearts repose ;
 Guide and guard us all our days :
 O may all our lives be praise !

66

C. M

MONTGOMERY.

Evening Worship.

- 1 ON the first Christian Sabbath eve,
 When his disciples met,
 O'er his lost fellowship to grieve,
 Nor knew the Scripture yet,—
- 2 Lo, in their midst his form was seen,—
 The form in which he died ;
 Their Master's marred and wounded mien,—
 His hands, his feet, his side.
- 3 Then were they glad their Lord to know,
 And hailed him, yet with fear ;—
 Jesus, again thy presence show ;
 Meet thy disciples here.

- 4 Be in our midst; let faith rejoice
Our risen Lord to view,
And make our spirits hear thy voice
Say, "Peace be unto you!"
- 5 And while with thee, in social hours,
We commune through thy word,
May our hearts burn, and all our powers
Confess, "It is the Lord."

Social Worship.

67

L. M.

BOWRING.

Introduction to Evening Worship.

- 1 How shall we praise thee, Lord of light!
How shall we all thy love declare!
The earth is veiled in shades of night,
But heaven is open to our prayer, —
That heaven, so bright with stars and suns, —
That glorious heaven which has no bound,
Where the full tide of being runs,
And life and beauty glow around.

- 2 We would adore thee, God sublime,
Whose power and wisdom, love and grace,
Are greater than the round of time,
And wider than the bounds of space.
O, how shall thought expression find,
All lost in thine immensity!
How shall we seek thee, glorious Mind,
Amid thy dread infinity!

- 3 But thou art present with us here,
 As in thy glittering, high domain ;
 And grateful hearts and humble fear
 Can never seek thy face in vain.
 Help us to praise thee, Lord of light ;
 Help us thy boundless love declare ;
 And, while we crowd thy courts to-night,
 Aid us, and hearken to our prayer.

For Sincerity.

- 1 WE bow before thy gracious throne,
 And think ourselves sincere ;
 But show us, Lord, is every one
 Thy real worshipper ?
- 2 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
 Nor feels his want of thee ?
 A stranger to the blood which bought
 His pardon on the tree ?
- 3 Convince him now of unbelief ;
 His desperate state explain :
 And fill his heart with sacred grief,
 And penitential pain.
- 4 O that we all might now begin
 Our foolishness to mourn ;
 And turn at once from every sin,
 And to our Saviour turn.

- 5 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
 In this our gracious day;
 Repentance unto life bestow,
 And take our sins away.
- 6 Conclude us first in unbelief,
 And freely then release;
 Fill every soul with sacred grief,
 And then with sacred peace.
- 7 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,
 And then enrich the poor;
 The knowledge of our sickness give;
 The knowledge of our cure.

69

7s. M. METHODIST COL.

Invocation.

- 1 FATHER, at thy footstool see
 Those who now are one in thee:
 Draw us by thy grace alone;
 Give, O give us to thy Son.
- 2 Jesus, friend of human kind,
 Let us in thy name be join'd;
 Each to each unite and bless;
 Keep us still in perfect peace.
- 3 Heavenly, all-alluring Dove,
 Shed thy over-shadowing love;
 Love, the sealing grace impart;
 Dwell within our single heart.

70

L. M.

COWPER.

For Social Worship.

- 1 OUR God, where'er thy people meet,
 There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
 Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
 And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,
 Inhabitest the humble mind ;
 Such ever bring thee where they come,
 And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
 To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 4 Lord, we are few, but thou art near ;
 Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear :
 O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
 And make a thousand hearts thine own !

71

C. M.

WATTS.

Safety of the Church.

- 1 How honorable is the place
 Where we adoring stand !
 Zion, the glory of the earth,
 And beauty of the land !

- 2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
 The city where we dwell!
 The walls, of strong salvation made,
 Defy the assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
 The doors wide open fling;
 Enter, ye nations, who obey
 The statutes of our King.
- 4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
 And live in perfect peace;
 You, who have known Jehovah's name,
 And tasted of his grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, forever trust,
 And banish all your fears;
 Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
 Eternal as his years.

72

S. M.

WATTS.

Brotherly Love.

- 1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
 Whose hearts and hopes are one;
 Whose kind designs to serve and please
 Through all their actions run!
- 2 Blest is the pious house,
 Where zeal and friendship meet;
 Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
 Make their communion sweet.

- 3 Thus on the heavenly hills
 The saints are blest above ;
 Where peace like morning dew distils,
 And all the air is love.

Future Peace and Glory of the Church.

- 1 HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken :
 O my people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken :
 Fair abodes I build for you :
 Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways ;
 You shall name your walls salvation,
 And your gates shall all be praise.
- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
 Pleasures without end shall flow ;
 For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
 All his bounty shall bestow :
 Still in undisturbed possession
 Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Hear the voice of war again.
- 3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see ;
 But your griefs forever ending,
 Find eternal noon in me :

God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
 Change to-day the gloom of night;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God your everlasting light.

74

8 & 7s. M.

J. NEWTON.

The City of God.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God!
 He whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for his own abode.
- 2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
- 3 See! the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
- 4 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
 Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

Joy and Peace in Believing.

1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings ;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing on his wings :
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new ;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may !

3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through ;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too ;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed ;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

76

C. M.

DRENNAN.

- 1 THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
 The universal Lord!
 Yet he in humble hearts will deign
 To dwell and be adored.
- 2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
 Of fervent praise and prayer,
 Or on the earth or in the skies,
 The God of heaven is there.
- 3 His presence is diffused abroad
 Through realms, through worlds unknown :
 Who seek the mercies of our God
 Are ever near his throne.

77

7s. M.

ANCIENT HYMNS.

Commendatory of Social Worship.

- 1 EVER sounds with holy hymns
 The abode of saints on high,
 Echoing to the seraphim's
 Holy, holy, holy cry :
 Joining that great psalm of praise,
 We our humbler voices raise.
- 2 O'er our temple, Lord of all,
 Thy benignant light extend ;
 Here be present at our call ;
 Here thy people's vows attend ;

And our fainting souls imbue,
 Father, with thy heavenly dew.

3 Here may still the meek request
 Of the faithful heart obtain
 Foretaste of those mansions blest,
 Visions bright of glory gain,
 Till, from bonds corporeal free,
 We those blissful mansions see.

4 Now be to the Father done
 Homage, as at all times meet,
 Through his well-beloved Son,
 Sharer of his heavenly seat,—
 Homage such as all things owe,
 Saints above and men below.

Union Meeting.

1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground
 Of every sinful heart:
 Whate'er of sin in us is found,
 O bid it all depart!

2 When to the right or left we stray,
 Leave us not comfortless;
 But guide our feet into the way
 Of everlasting peace.

- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
 Each other's cross to bear,
 Let each his friendly aid afford,
 And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,
 Our little stock improve ;
 Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
 And perfect us in love.
- 5 Up into thee our living Head,
 Let us in all things grow,
 Till thou hast made us free indeed,
 And spotless here below.
- 6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
 Receive thy ready bride :
 Give us in heaven a happy lot
 With all the sanctified.

79

8 & 7s. M. ' WESLEY'S COL.

Divine Love.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
 Father, thou art all compassion ;
 Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every longing heart.

- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast ;
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promised rest.
 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive ;
 Graciously come down, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave.

Social Evening Worship.

- 1 O, 'TIS a scene the heart to move,
 When, at the close of day,
 Whom God unites in Christian love
 Unite their thanks to pay.
- 2 What though the number be but small ?
 Whenever two or three
 Join on the Saviour's name to call,
 There in the midst is he.
- 3 When faithful and repentant hearts
 His heavenly grace ensue,
 His grace, entreated, he imparts
 To many or to few.
- 4 O, come, then, and, with joint accord,
 In social worship meet ;
 And, mindful of the Saviour's word,
 The Saviour's boon entreat.

Longing to Love God.

- 1 LORD, my God, I long to know, —
Oft it causes anxious thought, —
Do I love thee, Lord, or no?
Am I thine, or am I not?
- 2 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Any duty give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 3 When I turn mine eyes within,
O, how dark, and vain, and wild!
Prone to unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself thy child?
- 4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall:
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?
- 5 Could I love thy saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love thee, Lord?
- 6 Saviour, let me love thee more,
If I love at all, I pray:
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

Thrice Holy.

- 1 BRIGHT the vision that delighted
 Once the sight of Judah's seer ;
 Sweet the countless tongues united
 To entrance the prophet's ear.
 Round the Lord in glory seated,
 Cherubim and seraphim
 Filled his temple, and repeated
 Each to each th' alternate hymn :—

- 2 "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven ;
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;
 Unto thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !"
 Heaven is still with glory ringing ;
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,
 "Holy, holy, holy," singing,
 "Lord of hosts, the Lord most high !"

- 3 Ever thus in God's high praises,
 Brethren, let our tongues unite,
 Whilst our thoughts his greatness raises,
 And our love his gifts excite.
 With his seraph train before him,
 With his holy church below,
 Thus conspire we to adore him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow :—

- 4 " Lord, thy glory fills the heaven ;
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;
 Unto thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !
 Thus thy glorious name confessing,
 We adopt thy angels' cry,
 ' Holy, holy, holy, ' blessing
 Thee, the Lord of hosts most high ! "

83

7s. M.

METHODIST COL.

Call to Social Worship.

- 1 COME, and let us sweetly join
 God to praise in hymns divine ;
 Give we all, with one accord,
 Glory to our common Lord ;
 Hands, and hearts, and voices raise ;
 Sing as in the ancient days ;
 Antidate the joys above,
 Find the heaven of mutual love.
- 2 Saviour, we thy promise claim ;
 We are met in thy great name ;
 In the midst do thou appear ;
 Manifest thy presence here ;
 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless ;
 Breathe thy spirit, give thy peace ;
 Thou thyself within us move ;
 Make this hour a feast of love.

3 Make us all in thee complete ;
 Make us all for glory meet ;
 Meet t' appear before thy sight,
 Partners with the saints in light.
 Call, O call us each by name,
 To the marriage of the Lamb ;
 Let us lean upon thy breast ;
 Love be there our endless feast !

Call to Social Worship.

- 1 LET us join, as God commands,
 Let us join our hearts and hands ;
 Help to gain our calling's hope ;
 Help to build each other up ;
 Carry on the Christian's strife ;
 Walk in holiness of life ;
 Faithfully our gifts improve
 For the sake of Him we love ;—

- 2 Still forget the things behind ;
 Follow Christ in heart and mind ;
 Toward the mark unwearied press ;
 Seize the crown of righteousness.
 While we walk with God in light,
 God our hearts will still unite ;
 Dearest fellowship we prove —
 Fellowship in Jesus, love.

- 3 Still, O Lord, our faith increase ;
 Cleanse from all unrighteousness :
 Thee th' unholy cannot see :
 Make, O make us meet for thee :
 Every vile affection kill ;
 Root out every seed of ill ;
 Utterly abolish sin ;
 Write thy law of love within.
- 4 Hence may all our actions flow,
 Love the proof that Christ we know ;
 Mutual love the token be,
 Lord, that we belong to thee ;
 Love, thine image, love impart ;
 Stamp it on our face and heart ;
 Only love to us be given ;
 Lord, we ask no other heaven.

85

C. M. METHODIST COL.

Call to Worship.

- 1 FATHER, united by thy grace,
 And each to each endear'd,
 With confidence we seek thy face,
 And know our prayer is heard.
- 2 Make us into one spirit drink ;
 Baptize into one name ;
 And let us always kindly think,
 And sweetly speak the same.

- 3 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
 Let all our hearts agree ;
 And ever towards each other move,
 And ever move towards thee.
- 4 Grant this, and then from all below
 Insensibly remove :
 Our souls their change shall scarcely know,
 Made perfect first in love !
- 5 Yet when the fullest joy is given,
 The same delight we prove ;
 In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
 Our all in all is love.

For Brotherly Love.

- 1 GOD of love, we look to thee ;
 Let us in thy Son agree ;
 Show to us the Prince of Peace ;
 Bid our jars forever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love,
 Every stumbling-block remove ;
 Each to each unite, endear ;
 Come, and spread thy banner here.
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,
 Courteous, pitiful, and kind ;
 Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
 Altogether like our Lord.

- 4 Let us for each other care ;
 Each the other's burden bear ;
 To thy church the pattern give ;
 Show how true believers live. ~
- 5 Free from anger and from pride,
 Let us thus in God abide ;
 All the depths of love express,
 All the heights of holiness.
- 6 Let us, then, with joy remove
 To the family above ;
 On the wings of angels fly ;
 Show how true believers die.

87

7s. M.

METHODIST COL.

For Union of Heart.

- 1 God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Perfecting the saints below,
 Hear us, who thy nature share,
 Who thy loving children are.
- 2 Join us, in one spirit join,
 Let us still receive of thine :
 Still for more on thee we call,
 Thou who fillest all in all !
- 3 Closer knit us to our Head ;
 Nourish us, in Christ, and feed ;
 Let us daily growth receive,
 More and more in Jesus live.

- 4 Move, and actuate, and guide ;
 Divers gifts to each divide :
 Placed according to thy will,
 Let us all our work fulfil ;
- 5 Never from our office move,
 Needful to each other prove ;
 Use the grace on each bestowed,
 Tempered by the art of God.
- 6 Sweetly may we all agree,
 Touched with softest sympathy ;
 Kindly for each other care ;
 Every member feel its share.
- 7 Many are we now and one,
 We who Jesus have put on :
 There is neither bond nor free,
 Neither great nor small in thee !
- 8 Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
 Rendered our distinctions void !
 Names, and sects, and parties fall :
 Thou, O God, art all in all !

88

6 & 8s. M. METHODIST COL.

For Union.

- 1 THOU God of truth and love,
 We seek thy perfect way,
 Ready thy choice t' approve,
 Thy providence t' obey ;
 Enter into thy wise design,
 And sweetly lose our will in thine.

- 2 Why hast thou cast our lot
 In the same age and place?
 And why together brought
 To see each other's face?
 To join with softest sympathy,
 And mix our friendly souls in thee?
- 3 Didst thou not make us one,
 That we might one remain,
 Together travel on,
 And bear each other's pain;
 Till all thy utmost goodness prove,
 And rise renewed in perfect love?

89

7s. M.

METHODIST COL.

For the Church.

- 1 God of love, that hear'st the prayer,
 Kindly for thy people care,
 Who on thee alone depend:
 Love us, save us to the end.
- 2 Save us, in the prosperous hour,
 From the flattering Tempter's power,
 From his unsuspecting wiles,
 From the world's pernicious smiles.
- 3 Cut off our dependence vain
 On the help of feeble man;
 Every arm of flesh remove;
 Stay us on thy only love!

- 4 Men of worldly, low design,
 Let not these thy people join,
 Poison our simplicity,
 Drag us from our trust in thee.
- 5 Save us from the great and wise,
 Till they sink in their own eyes,
 Tamely to thy yoke submit,
 Lay their honors at thy feet.
- 6 Never let the world break in ;
 Fix a mighty gulf between ;
 Keep us little and unknown,
 Prized and loved by God alone.

To Sinners.

- 1 LET the beasts their life resign,
 Strangers to the life divine ;
 Who their God can never know,
 Let their spirit downward go.
 You for higher ends were born :
 You may all to God return ;
 Dwell with him above the sky :
 Why will ye forever die ?
- 2 You, on whom he favors showers,
 You, possess of nobler powers,
 You, of Reason's powers possess,
 You, with Will and Memory blest ;

You, with finer sense endued,
 Creatures capable of God,
 Noblest of his creatures, why,
 Why will ye forever die?

- 3 You, whom he ordained to be
 Transcripts of the Deity;
 You, whom he in life doth hold;
 You, for whom his son was sold;
 You, on whom he still doth wait,
 Whom he would again create;
 Made by him, and purchased, why,
 Why will ye forever die?

91

7s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

To the Prodigal Son.

- 1 BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
 From thy father's happy home?
 With thyself and God at war?
 Turn thee, brother, homeward come!
- 2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
 God for noble uses gave?
 Squandered life's most golden hours?
 Turn thee, brother, God can save!
- 3 Is a mighty famine now
 In thy heart and in thy soul?
 Discontent upon thy brow?
 Turn thee, God will make thee whole!

- 4 Fall before him on the ground,
 Pour thy sorrow in his ear,
 Seek him, while he may be found,
 Call upon him, while he's near.

Parting.

- 1 THROUGH thee we now together came,
 In singleness of heart;
 We met, O, Jesus, in thy name,
 And in thy name we part.
- 2 We part in body, not in mind;
 Our minds continue one;
 And, each to each in Jesus joined,
 We hand in hand go on.
- 3 Subsists as in us all one soul,
 No power can make us twain:
 And mountains rise, and oceans roll,
 To sever us in vain.
- 4 Present we still in spirit are,
 And intimately nigh,
 While on the wings of faith and prayer
 We each to other fly.
- 5 Our life is hid with Christ in God;
 Our life shall soon appear,
 And shed his glory all abroad
 In all his members here.

93

7s. M.

J. NEWTON.

At Parting.

- 1 As the sun's enlivening eye
Shines on every place the same ;
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love his name.
- 2 When they move at duty's call,
He is with them by the way ;
He is ever with them all,
Those who go, and those who stay.
- 3 From his holy mercy-seat
Nothing can their souls confine ;
Still in spirit they may meet,
And in sweet communion join.
- 4 For a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 5 Father, hear our humble prayer !
Tender shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
- 6 In thy strength may we be strong ;
Sweeten every cross and pain ;
Give us, if we live, ere long,
Here to meet in peace again.

94

7s. M.

H. K. WHITE.

Parting.

- 1 CHRISTIANS, brethren, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.
- 2 Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore ;
There, released from toil and pain,
There, we all may meet again.
- 3 Now to Him who reigns in heaven
Be eternal glory given !
Grateful for thy love divine,
Oh, may all our hearts be thine !

95

7s. M.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Close of a Prayer Meeting.

- 1 O, 'TIS sweet to mingle, where
Christians meet for social prayer :
O, 'tis sweet, with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise ;
Then how blest that state must be,
When they meet eternally.

2 Father, let these meetings prove
 Scenes of fervent Christian love ;
 While we worship in this place
 May we go from grace to grace,
 Till we, each in his degree,
 Fit for endless glory be.

96

8 & 7s. M.

C. WESLEY.

Domestic Worship.

- 1 PEACE be to this habitation ;
 Peace to all that dwell therein ;
 Peace, the earnest of salvation ;
 Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin ;
 Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver ;
 Peace, to worldly minds unknown ;
 Peace divine, that lasts forever ;
 Peace, that comes from God alone.
- 2 Jesus, Prince of Peace, be near us ;
 Fix in all our hearts thy home ;
 With thy gracious presence cheer us ;
 Let thy sacred kingdom come ;
 Raise to heaven our expectation,
 Give our favored souls to prove
 Glorious and complete salvation,
 In the realms of bliss above.

Religion at Home.

- 1 WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still ;
My joy thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heart-felt word be mine.
- 2 O may the gracious words divine
Subject of all my converse be :
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me ;
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.
- 3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast !
While, on the bosom of my Lord,
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.
- 4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long ;
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue ;
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

Prayer at all Times.

- 1 Go, when the morning shineth,
Go, when the moon is bright,
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the hush of night ;
Go, with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

- 2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee,
Pray too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be ;
Then for thyself in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

- 3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way ;
E'en then the silent breathing
Thy spirit raised above,
Will reach His throne of glory,
Who is Mercy, Truth, and Love.

- 4 O, not a joy nor blessing
 With this can we compare,
 The power that he hath given us
 To pour our souls in prayer!
 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
 Before his footstool fall,
 Remember, in thy gladness,
 His love who gave thee all.

Early Metry.

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The follies of our mind
 Be banished from this place;
 Religion never was designed
 To make our pleasure less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing,
 Who never knew the Lord;
 But children of the heavenly King,
 Should sound his praise abroad.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
 And every fear put by;
 We're marching through Emanuel's ground
 To fairer worlds on high.

Character of a *Happy* Life.

- 1 How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!
- 2 Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath;—
- 3 Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice hath ever understood,
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;—
- 4 Who hath his life from rumors freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;—
- 5 Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;—
- 6 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Before Sleep.

- 1 OMNIPRESENT God! whose aid
No one ever ask'd in vain,
Be this night about my bed,
Every evil thought restrain:
Lay thy hand upon my soul,
God of my unguarded hours!
All my enemies control,
Sin, and earth, and nature's powers.
- 2 O thou holy God! come down,
God of spotless purity;
Claim, and seize me for thy own,
Consecrate my heart to thee:
Under thy protection take;
Songs in the night season give;
Let me sleep to thee, and wake;
Let me die to thee, and live.
- 3 Loose me from the chains of sense,
Set me from the body free;
Draw with stronger influence
My unfettered soul to thee:
In me, Lord, thyself reveal;
Fill me with a sweet surprise;
Let me thee, when waking, feel,
Let me in thy image rise.

102

L. M.

PIERPONT.

Morning Hymn. For a Child.

- 1 O GOD, I thank thee that the night
In peace and rest hath passed away,
And that I see, in this fair light,
My Father's smile, that makes it day.
- 2 Be thou my Guide, and let me live
As under thine all-seeing eye ;
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die.

103

L. M.

PIERPONT.

Evening Hymn. For a Child.

- 1 ANOTHER day its course hath run,
And still, O God, thy child is blest ;
For thou hast been by day my Sun,
And thou wilt be by night my Rest.
- 2 Sweet sleep descends, my eyes to close ;
And now, when all the world is still,
I give my body to repose,
My spirit to my Father's will.

104

C. M. BARRY CORNWALL.

For a Sick Child.

- 1 SEND down thy winged angel, God!
Amidst this night so wild,
And bid him come where now we watch,
And breathe upon our child!
- 2 She lies upon her pillow, pale,
And moans within her sleep,
Or wakeneth with a patient smile,
And striveth not to weep!
- 3 How gentle and how good a child
She is, we know too well;
And dearer to her parents' hearts
Than our weak words can tell.
- 4 We love, — we watch throughout the night,
To aid, where need may be;
We hope, — and have despaired at times;
But now we turn to Thee!
- 5 Send down thy sweet-souled angel, God!
Amidst the darkness wild,
And bid him soothe our souls to-night,
And heal our gentle child!

Baptism, Lord's Supper and Admission of Members.

105

S. M. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Baptism.

- 1 SAVIOUR, thy law we love,
Thy pure example bless,
And with a firm, unwavering zeal,
Would in thy footsteps press.

- 2 Not to the fiery pains
By which the martyrs bled;
Not to the scourge, the thorn, the cross,
Our favored feet are led;—

- 3 But, at this peaceful tide,
Assembled in thy fear,
The homage of obedient hearts
We humbly offer here.

Joined to God's People.

- 1 PEOPLE of the living God,
 I have sought the world around,
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
 Peace and comfort nowhere found.
- 2 Now to you my spirit turns, —
 Turns, a fugitive unblest;
 Brethren, where your altar burns,
 O, receive me into rest.
- 3 Lonely I no longer roam,
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
 Where you dwell shall be my home,
 Where you die shall be my grave.

A Welcome to Fellowship.

- 1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord:
 Stranger nor foe art thou:
 We welcome thee with warm accord,
 Our friend, our brother now.
- 2 The band of fellowship, the heart
 Of love, we offer thee:
 Leaving the world, thou dost but part
 From lies and vanity.

- 3 The cup of blessing which we bless,
 The heavenly bread we break,
 Our Saviour's blood and righteousness, —
 Freely with us partake.

108

S. M.

EPISCOPAL COL.

To the Soul Seeking Rest.

- 1 O, CEASE, thou wandering soul,
 On restless wing to roam;
 All this wide world, to either pole,
 Has not for thee a home.
- 2 Behold the ark of God;
 Behold the open door;
 O, haste to gain that blest abode,
 And rove, dear soul, no more.
- 3 There, safe thou shalt abide,
 There, sweet shall be thy rest,
 And every longing satisfied,
 With full salvation blest.

109

8 & 7s. M.

HEBER.

Before Communion.

- 1 BREAD of the world in mercy broken,
 Wine of the soul in mercy shed!
 By whom the words of life were spoken,
 And in whose death our sins are dead!

- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
 Look on the tears by sinners shed,
 And be thy feast to us the token
 That by thy grace our souls are fed.

110

C M.

PRATT'S COL.

Before Communion.

- 1 PREPARE us, Lord, to view thy cross,
 Who all our griefs hast borne ;
 To look on thee, whom we have pierced, —
 To look on thee, and mourn.
- 2 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice ;
 And, as thy cross we see,
 Let each exclaim, in faith and hope,
 "The Saviour died for me!"

111

C. M.

MILMAN.

Before Communion.

- 1 OH FATHER, hear us, when we call,
 Imploring at thy feet
 The crumbs that from thy table fall —
 'Tis all we dare entreat.
- 2 But be it, Lord of Mercy, all —
 So thou wilt grant but this ;
 The crumbs that from thy table fall
 Are light, and life, and bliss.

This do in Remembrance of Me.

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget ?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee ?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !
I must remember thee :—
- 5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

113

C. M.

E. TAYLOR.

Proper Dispositions for the Communion.

- 1 O HERE, if ever, God of love!
 Let strife and hatred cease;
 And every thought harmonious move,
 And every heart be peace.
- 2 Not here, where met to think on him,
 Whose latest thoughts were ours,
 Shall mortal passions come to dim
 The prayer devotion pours.
- 3 No, gracious Master, not in vain
 Thy life of love hath been;
 The peace thou gavest, may yet remain,
 Though thou no more art seen.
- 4 'Thy kingdom come;' we watch, we wait,
 To hear thy cheering call;
 When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
 And God be all in all.

114

C. M.

BIRMINGHAM COL.

For Communicants.

- 1 YE followers of the Prince of Peace,
 Who round his table draw!
 Remember what his spirit was,
 What his peculiar law.

2 The love, which all his bosom filled,
Did all his actions guide ;
Inspired by love, he lived and taught ;
Inspired by love, he died.

3 Let each the sacred law fulfil ;
Like his be every mind :
Be every temper formed by love,
And every action kind.

115

S. M.

FURNESS.

A Communion Hymn.

1 HERE, in the broken bread,
Here, in the cup we take,
His body and his blood behold,
Who suffered for our sake.

2 Yes, that our souls might live,
Those sacred limbs were torn,
That blood was spilt, and pangs untold
Were by the Saviour borne.

3 O thou who didst allow
Thy Son to suffer thus,
Father, what more couldst thou have done
Than thou hast done for us ?

116

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Communion with God and Christ.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
 And Christ invites us near ;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
 And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all my griefs ;
 He pardons every day ;
Almighty to protect my soul,
 And wise to guide my way.
- 3 Jesus, my living head,
 I bless thy faithful care ;
Mine advocate before thy throne,
 And my forerunner there.
- 4 Here fix my roving heart,
 Here wait my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete
 In nobler scenes above.

117

7s. M.

BOWRING.

Communion Hymn.

- 1 NOT with terror do we meet
 At the board by Jesus spread ;
Not in mystery drink and eat
 Of the Saviour's wine and bread.

- 2 'Tis his memory we record,
 'Tis his virtues we proclaim;
 Grateful to our honored Lord,
 Here we bless his sacred name.
- 3 See him, on the dreadful day
 Of his mortal agony,
 Break the bread, and hear him say,
 "Eat of this, and think of me!"
- 4 See him standing on the brink
 Of the tomb, and hark, he cries,
 "Drink the wine, and as you drink,
 O, remember him who dies!"
- 5 Yes, we will remember thee,
 Friend and Saviour; and thy feast
 Of all services shall be
 Holiest and welcomest.

Spiritual Nourishment.

- 1 BREAD of heaven, on thee we feed,
 For thy flesh is meat indeed;
 Ever let our souls be fed
 With this true and living bread.
- 2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
 This blest cup of sacrifice;
 Lord, thy wounds our healing give;
 To thy cross we look and live.

- 3 Day by day with strength supplied,
 Through the life of Him who died,
 Lord of life, O, let us be
 Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

The Cross of Christ.

- 1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me;
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

120

S. M.

H. MARTINEAU.

The Coming of Christ in the Power of His Gospel.

- 1 LORD JESUS, come ; for here
Our path through wilds is laid ;
We watch as for the day-spring near,
Amid the breaking shade.
- 2 Lord Jesus, come ; for hosts
Meet on the battle plain :
The patriot mourns, the tyrant boasts,
And tears are shed like rain.
- 3 Lord Jesus, come ; for still
Vice shouts her maniac mirth ;
The famished crave in vain their fill,
While teems the fruitful earth.
- 4 Hark ! herald voices near,
Lead on thy happier day :
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear ;
We wait to strow thy way.
- 5 Come, as in days of old,
With words of grace and power ;
Gather us all within thy fold,
And never leave us more.

A Communion Hymn.

- 1 O FOR a prophet's fire,
 O for an angel's tongue,
 To speak the mighty love of Him
 Who on the cross was hung!
- 2 In vain our hearts attempt,
 In language meet, to tell
 How through a thousand sorrows burned
 That flame unquenchable.
- 3 Yet would we praise that love,
 Beyond expression dear:
 Come, gather round this table, then,
 And celebrate it here.
- 4 Here, in the bread and wine,
 Your dying Saviour view;
 Thus did he give his body up,
 And thus his blood, for you.

After Communion.

- 1 FROM the table now retiring,
 Which for us the Lord hath spread,
 May our souls, refreshment finding,
 Grow in all things like our Head.

- 2 His example by beholding,
 May our lives his image bear ;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
 His commands may we revere.
- 3 Love to God and man displaying,
 Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
 Peace from God through endless day.

Children and Sunday Schools.

123

C. M.

GIBBONS.

- 1 In the soft season of thy youth,
 In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
 Its summons to the tomb ;
- 2 Remember thy Creator, God ;
 For him thy powers employ ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
 Thy confidence, thy joy.
- 3 He shall defend and guide thy course
 Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
 Of blessed eternity.
- 4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
 The path of heavenly truth :
The earth affords no lovelier sight
 Than a religious youth.

124

C. M.

BP. HEBER.

Early Religion.

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!
- 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God!
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage!
- 5 O thou who giv'st us life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own!

Remember thy Creator.

1 REMEMBER thy Creator

While youth's fair spring is bright ;
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night ;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

2 Remember thy Creator,

Before the dust returns
To earth — for 't is its nature —
And life's last ember burns ;
Before, with God who gave it,
The spirit shall appear ;
He cries, who died to save it,
"Thy great Creator fear."

For Sunday Schools.

1 WITHIN these walls be peace ;

Love through our borders found ;
In all our little palaces
Prosperity abound.

- 2 God scorns not humble things;
 Here, though the proud despise,
 The children of the King of kings
 Are training for the skies.

127

7s. M.

GREY.

Sabbath School Hymn.

- 1 SUPPLIANT, lo! thy children bend,
 Father, for thy blessing now;
 Thou canst teach us, guide, defend,—
 We are weak, almighty thou.
- 2 With the peace thy word imparts,
 Be the taught and teacher blest;
 In their lives, and on their hearts,
 Father, be thy laws imprest.
- 3 Pour into each longing mind
 Light and knowledge from above:
 Charity for all mankind—
 Trusting faith, enduring love.
- 4 Here, in joy's triumphant day,
 Still may grateful hearts arise,
 Bright with rapture's kindling ray,
 Purely, fondly to the skies.
- 5 Here, in sorrow's chastening hour,
 May thy word its light diffuse;
 Fresh'ning as the vernal shower,
 Peaceful as the silent dews.

- 6 Grant us spirits lowly, pure,
 Errors pardoned, sins forgiven:
 Humble trust, obedience sure,
 Love to man, and faith to Heaven.

The Christian Child.

- 1 CHILD! to thee the loved of Heaven,
 Boundless power to improve is given;
 Rise to meet temptation's power;
 Stand, in passion's wildest hour.
- 2 Fast as danger round thee grows
 Gather strength from conquered foes;
 Tread the path the Leader trod,
 Pressing on to peace, to God.
- 3 Pause not, rest not, yield not now,
 Soon the crown shall grace thy brow;
 Child of Heaven! then fix thine eyes
 Onward! onward to the prize.

Example of Christ.

- 1 JESUS CHRIST, my Lord and Saviour,
 Once became a child like me;
 O that in my whole behaviour
 He my pattern still may be.

- 2 If my feelings are not holy,
Pride and passion dwell within;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.
- 3 While I'm often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possess, —
He was always self-denying,
Patient in his worst distress.
- 4 Lord, assist a feeble creature,
Guide me by thy word of truth;
Condescend to be my teacher
Through my childhood and my youth.

130

L. M.

S. S. H. BOOK.

God — Our Father.

- 1 GREAT God! and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I but a child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky!
- 2 Art thou my Father? — Let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
And try, in every deed and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.
- 3 Art thou my Father? — I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And only wish to do and be,
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

4 Art thou my Father? — Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down, and take me, in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

Sickness and Death.

131

11s. M.

MUHLENBERG.

Ɔ Would not Live Alway.

- 1 I would not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
I would not live alway: no — welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom.
- 2 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode!
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
 plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
- 3 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul!

The Issues of Life and Death.

- 1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole:
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years:
And all that life is love:—
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what appalling horrors hang
Around the 'second death!'
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And utterly undone.
- 6 Here would we end our quest;
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love,—the rest
Of immortality.

133

C. M.

WATTS.

“Blessed are the Dead that Die in the Lord.”

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead:—
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

134

L. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

The Righteous Blessed in Death.

- 1 How blessed the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
 A calm which life nor death destroys;
 Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
 How bright the unchanging morn appears!
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
- 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 'How blessed the righteous when he dies!'

The Dying Christian.

- 1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
 All thy mourning days below;
 Go, by angel guards attended,
 To the sight of Jesus go.
 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
 Lo! the Saviour stands above;
 Shows the purchase of his merit,
 Reaches out the crown of love.
- 2 Struggle through thy latest passion
 To thy great Redeemer's breast;
 To his uttermost salvation,
 To his everlasting rest.

For the joy he sets before thee,
 Bear a momentary pain ;
 Die, to live a life of glory,
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

136

L. M.

S. WESLEY.

The Young cut off in their Prime.

- 1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,
 And, gay, their silken leaves unfold,
 As careless of the noontide heats
 As fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipped by the wind's untimely blast,
 Parched by the sun's directer ray,
 The momentary glories waste,
 The short-lived beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
 When youth its pride of beauty shows ;
 Fairer than spring the colors shine,
 And sweeter than the virgin rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
 Or broke by sickness in a day,
 The fading glory disappears,
 The short-lived beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
 With lustre brighter far shall shine,
 Revive with ever-during bloom,
 Safe from diseases and decline.

- 6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
 If heaven must recompense our pains:
 Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
 If firm the word of God remains.

Funeral Hymn.

- 1 BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
 And thy saintly soul is flown
 Where tears are wiped from every eye,
 And sorrow is unknown, —
 From the burden of the flesh,
 And from care and fear released,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.
- 2 Sin can never taint thee now,
 Nor doubt thy faith assail,
 Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
 And the Holy Spirit fail:
 And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
 Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.
- 3 “Earth to earth,” and “dust to dust,”
 The solemn priest hath said;
 So we lay the turf above thee now,
 And we seal thy narrow bed:

But thy spirit, brother, soars away
 Among the faithful blest,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

138

P. M.

BISHOP HEBER.

Funeral Hymn.

- 1 THOU art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee;
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb,
 The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
 And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave, and, its mansions forsaking,
 Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long;
 But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
 And the song that thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

- 4 Thou art gone to the grave, but 't were wrong to deplore thee,
 When God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide;
 He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
 Where death has no sting, since the Saviour has died.

139

S. M.

WILSON.

Death of a Young Girl.

- 1 WHAT though the stream be dead,
 Its banks all still and dry!
 It murmureth now o'er a lovelier bed,
 In the air-groves of the sky.
- 2 What though our bird of light
 Lie mute with plumage dim;
 In heaven I see her glancing bright,
 I hear her angel hymn.
- 3 True that our beauteous doe
 Hath left her still retreat,
 But purer now in heavenly snow,
 She lies at Jesus' feet.
- 4 O star! untimely set!
 Why should we weep for thee!
 Thy bright and dewy coronet
 Is rising o'er the sea.

140

C. M.

WILSON.

Consolations in Bereavement.

- 1 THE air of Death breathes through our souls,
The dead all round us lie ;
By day and night the death-bell tolls,
And says, "Prepare to die !"
- 2 The loving ones we loved the best,
Like music all are gone ;
And the wan moonlight bathes in rest,
Their monumental stone.
- 3 But not when the death-prayer is said,
The life of life departs :
The body in the grave is laid,
Its beauty in our hearts.
- 4 At holy midnight voices sweet,
Like fragrance fill the room ;
And happy ghosts with noiseless feet,
Come brightening from the tomb.
- 5 We know who sends the visions bright,
From whose dear side they came !
We veil our eyes before thy light,
We bless our Saviour's name !
- 6 This frame, O God, this feeble breath,
Thy hand may soon destroy ;
We think of Thee, and feel in death
A deep and awful joy.

- 7 Dim is the light of vanished years
 In the glory yet to come ;
 O idle grief! O foolish tears!
 When Jesus calls us home.

141

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Death of the Young.

- 1 CALM on the bosom of thy God,
 Young spirit, rest thee now!
 E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
 His seal was on thy brow.
- 2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
 Soul, to its place on high!
 They that have seen thy look in death,
 No more may fear to die.
- 3 Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,
 Whence thy meek smile is gone ;
 But O, a brighter home than ours,
 In heaven is now thine own.

142

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Death of an Infant.

- 1 As the sweet flower that scents the morn,
 But withers in the rising day,
 Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
 Thus swiftly fled its life away.

- 2 It died ere its expanding soul
 Had ever burnt with wrong desires,
 Had ever spurned at Heaven's control,
 Or ever quenched its sacred fires.
- 3 It died to sin, it died to cares,
 But for a moment felt the rod:—
 O mourner! such, the Lord declares,
 Such are the children of our God!

143

10s. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Death of a Christian in his Prime.

- 1 Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
 In full activity of zeal and power;
 A Christian cannot die before his time,
 The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.
- 2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
 Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest-task is done;
 Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
 Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.
- 3 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay
 In death's embraces, ere he rose on high;
 And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
 Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.
- 4 Go to the grave:—no, take thy seat above;
 Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
 Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
 And open vision for the written word.

On the Death of an aged Christian.

- 1 SERVANT of God, well done !
Rest from thy loved employ ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.
- 2 The voice of midnight came,
He started up to hear ;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame —
He fell, but felt no fear.
- 3 Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.
- 4 The pains of death are past ;
Labor and sorrow cease ;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
- 5 Soldier of Christ, well done !
Praise be thy new employ ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

145

7s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Funeral Hymn.

- 1 CLAY to clay, and dust to dust!
Let them mingle — for they must!
Give to earth the earthly clod,
For the spirit's fled to God.
- 2 Never more shall midnight's damp
Darken round this mortal lamp;
Never more shall noonday's glance
Search this mortal countenance.
- 3 Deep the pit, and cold the bed,
Where the spoils of death are laid:
Stiff the curtains, chill the gloom,
Of man's melancholy tomb.
- 4 Look aloft! The spirit's risen —
Death cannot the soul imprison:
'Tis in heaven that spirits dwell,
Glorious, though invisible.
- 5 Thither let us turn our view;
Peace is there, and comfort too:
There shall those we love be found,
Tracing joy's eternal round.

146

6 & 4s. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

Funeral Prayer.

- 1 LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father divine!—
A Hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine.
- 2 O Father, in that hour
When earth all succoring power
Shall disavow, —
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down, —
Sustain us thou!
- 3 By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod, —
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away, —
Aid us, O God!
- 4 Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on thee to save,
Father divine!
Hear, hear our suppliant breath;
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only thine.

147

L. M.

WATTS.

The Grave Destroyed.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in thy silent dust.
- 2 No pain, no grief, no anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
Whilst angels watch its soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Pass'd through the grave and bless'd the bed;
Then rest, dear saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O grave, his sovereign word!
Restore thy trust; the glorious form
Will then arise to meet the Lord.

148

8 & 7s. M.

S. F. SMITH.

Death of a Young Girl.

- 1 SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

- 2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber —
 Peaceful in the grave so low :
 Thou no more wilt join our number ;
 Thou no more our songs shalt know.
- 3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us ;
 Here thy loss we deeply feel ;
 But 'tis God that hath bereft us :
 He can all our sorrows heal.
- 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
 When the day of life is fled,
 Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
 Where no farewell tear is shed.

149

7 & 6s. M.

C. WESLEY.

Adieu to a Departed Christian Friend.

- 1 FAREWELL, thou once a mortal,
 Our poor, afflicted friend ;
 Go, pass the heavenly portal,
 To God, thy glorious end.
- 2 The Author of thy being
 Hath summoned thee away ;
 And faith is lost in seeing,
 And night in endless day.
- 3 With those that went before thee,
 The saints of ancient days,
 Who shine in sacred story,
 Thy soul hath found its place.

- 4 Acquainted with their sadness,
While in the weeping vale,
Thou sharest now their gladness,
And joys that never fail.
- 5 No loss of friends shall grieve thee;
That — we alone must bear;
They cannot, cannot leave thee,
Thy kind companions there.
- 6 From all thy care and sorrow
Thou art escaped to-day;
And we shall mount to-morrow,
And soar to thee away.

Feasts and Fasts.

150

7s. M.

BOWRING.

For Advent or Christmas.

- 1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel!
- 2 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own:
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

- 3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo! the Son of God is come!

151

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Christmas Hymn.

- 1 CALM on the listening ear of night
 Come heaven's melodious strains,
 Where wild Judea stretches far
 Her silver-mantled plains!
- 2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
 Shed sacred glories there;
 And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
 Make music on the air.
- 3 The answering hills of Palestine
 Send back the glad reply,
 And greet, from all their holy heights,
 The day-spring from on high.
- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
 There comes a holier calm,
 And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
 Her silent groves of palm.

- 5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
 Loud with their anthems sing;
 "Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
 From Heaven's eternal King."
- 6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
 The Saviour now is born!
 And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
 Breaks the first Christmas morn.

Christmas Hymn.

- 1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies?
 Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wond'rous story,
 Which they chant in hymns of joy;
 "Glory in the highest, glory!
 Glory be to God most high!"
- 3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found;
 Souls redeemed and sins forgiven;
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 "Christ is born, the great anointed;
 Heaven and earth his praises sing!
 O receive, whom God appointed
 For your Prophet, Priest and King."

- 5 Let us learn the wond'rous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth ;
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

153

7 & 6s. M. S. S. H. BOOK.

Christmas Hymn.

- 1 HAIL! to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater Son ;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun.
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 Before him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace the herald go ;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.
For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
- 3 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.

The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His name shall stand forever ;
 That name to us is — Love !

154

C. M.

PATRICK.

Christmas Hymn.

- 1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he — for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind —
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you in David's town, this day,
 Is born of David's line,
 The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;
 And this shall be the sign.
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
 To human view displayed,
 All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
 And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, and thus
 Addressed their joyful song :

6 "All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace!
 Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,
 Begin and never cease."

155

P. M.

HEBER.

Christmas Hymn.

- 1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!
- 2 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom and offerings divine?
 Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?
- 3 Vainly we offer each ample oblation:
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 4 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid.
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

156

7s. M. 6 l.

MONTGOMERY.

Good Friday.

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel temptation's power ;
Your Redeemer's conflict see ;
Watch with him one bitter hour ;
Turn not from his griefs away ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall ;
View the Lord of life arraigned ;
O, the wormwood and the gall !
O, the pangs his soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn of him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time —
God's own sacrifice complete ;
"It is finished," hear him cry ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay ;
All is solitude and gloom ;
Who has taken him away ?
Christ is risen ; he meets our eyes ;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

Litany for Good Friday.

- 1 FATHER, when in dust to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
O, by all the pain and wo
Suffered by thy Son below,
Bending from thy throne on high
Hear our solemn litany.

- 2 By his birth and early years,
By his human griefs and fears,
By his fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By his victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Father, look with pitying eye
Hear our solemn litany.

- 3 By his hour of dark despair,
By his agony of prayer,
By his purple robe of scorn,
By his wounds and crown of thorn,
By his cross, his pangs and cries,
By his perfect sacrifice;
Father, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

158

P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Good Friday.

1 THE voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain:"

For Adam's lost race, Christ has opened a fountain:
 For sin and transgression, and every omission,
 His blood flows most freely, in streams of salvation.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb! he hath purchased our
 pardon;

We will praise him again as we pass over Jordan.

159

C. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Easter.

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
 Awakes the kindling ray;
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
 And pours increasing day.
- 2 O what a night was that which wrapt
 The heathen world in gloom!
 O what a sun, which broke this day,
 Triumphant from the tomb!
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannas sung;
 Let gladness dwell in every heart,
 And praise on every tongue.

- 4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
 To hail this welcome morn ;
 Which scatters blessings from its wings
 To nations yet unborn.

160

7s. M.

GIBBONS.

Easter Hymn.

- 1 ANGELS, roll the rock away ;
 Death, yield up thy mighty prey :
 See ! he rises from the tomb,
 Glowing with immortal bloom.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour ! Angels, raise
 Fame's eternal trump of praise ;
 Let the earth's remotest bound
 Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes ;
 Now to glory see him rise
 In long triumph up the sky
 Up to waiting worlds on high.
- 4 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
 Praise, and sweep your golden lyres ;
 Shout, O earth, in rapturous song ;
 Let the strains be sweet and strong.
- 5 Every note with wonder swell, —
 And the Saviour's triumph tell ;
 Where, O death is now thy sting ?
 Where thy terrors, dreadful king ?

161

C. M.

KEBLE.

Whitsunday.

- 1 WHEN God, of old, came down from heaven,
 In power and wrath he came ;
 Before his feet the clouds were riven,
 Half darkness and half flame.
- 2 But when he came the second time,
 He came in power and love ;
 Softer than gale at morning prime,
 Hovered his holy Dove.
- 3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down
 In sudden torrents dread,
 Now gently light a glorious crown,
 On every sainted head.
- 4 Like arrows went those lightnings forth,
 Winged with the sinner's doom ;
 But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth
 Proclaiming life to come.

162

C. M.

BISHOP HEBER.

Whitsunday.

- 1 SPIRIT of truth, on this thy day
 To thee for help we cry,
 To guide us through the dreary way
 Of dark mortality.

- 2 We ask not, Lord, thy cloven flame,
 Or tongues of various tone,
 But long thy praises to proclaim
 With fervor in our own.
- 3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
 Is found on earth no more ;
 Enough for us to trace thy will
 In Scripture's sacred lore.
- 4 We neither have nor seek the power
 Ill demons to control ;
 But thou, in dark temptation's hour,
 Shalt chase them from the soul.
- 5 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
 No mystic dreams we share ;
 Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
 And bless thee in our prayer.

163

C M.

C. WESLEY.

All Saints Day.

- 1 THE saints on earth and those above
 But one communion make ;
 Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
 All of his grace partake.
- 2 One family, we dwell in him :
 One church above, beneath ;
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.

- 3 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow;
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.
- 4 O God, be thou our constant guide!
 Then, when the word is given,
 Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
 And land us safe in heaven.

164

C. M.

WATTS.

All Saints Day.

- 1 Not to the terrors of the Lord,
 The tempest, fire, and smoke, —
 Not to the thunder of that word
 Which God on Sinai spoke, —
- 2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
 The city of our God,
 Where milder words declare his will,
 And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold the innumerable host
 Of angels clothed in light!
 Behold the spirits of the just,
 Whose faith is turned to sight!
- 4 The saints on earth and all the dead
 But one communion make;
 All join in Christ, their living Head,
 And of his grace partake.

- 5 In such society as this
 My weary soul would rest ;
 The man that dwells where Jesus is,
 Must be forever blest.

165

C. M. ANCIENT HYMNS.

All Saints Day.

- 1 THE triumphs of the martyred saints
 The joyous lay demand ;
 The heart delights in song to dwell
 On that victorious band —
 Those whom the senseless world abhorred,
 Who cast the world aside,
 Deeming it worthless, for the sake
 Of Christ, their Lord and Guide.
- 2 For thee they braved the tyrant's rage,
 The scourge's cruel smart ;
 The wild beast's claw their bodies tore,
 But vanquished not the heart ;
 Like lambs before the sword they fell,
 Nor cry nor plaint expressed ;
 For patience kept the conscious mind,
 And armed the fearless breast.
- 3 What tongue can tell thy crown prepared
 To wreath the martyr's head ?
 What voice thy robe of white, to clothe
 His limbs, with torture red ?

Vouchsafe us, Lord, if such thy will,
Clear skies and seasons calm;
If not, the martyr's cross to bear,
And win the martyr's palm.

All Saints Day.

- 1 For all thy saints, O God,
Who strove in Christ to live,
Who followed him, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.
- 2 For all thy saints, O God,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Christ their great reward,
And strove in him to die.
- 3 They all, in life and death,
With him, their Lord, in view,
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.
- 4 For this thy name we bless,
And humbly beg that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.

167

C. M.

BREVIARY.

Fast.

- 1 O SINNER, bring not tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer:
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.
- 2 To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee;
Thy secret soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.
- 3 O, let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to him to grant relief,
And stay the lifted rod.
- 4 O righteous judge, if thou wilt deign
To grant us that we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

168

L. M.

DYER.

Fast.

- 1 GREAT Framers of unnumbered worlds,
And whom unnumbered worlds adore,
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy power,—

- 2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
 That wakes the wind, and lifts the sea ;
 And man, who moves the lord of earth,
 Acts but the part assigned by thee.
- 3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
 To thee we raise the humble cry ;
 Thine altar is the contrite heart,
 Thine incense, a repentant sigh.
- 4 O, may our land, in this her hour,
 Confess thy hand, and bless the rod,
 By penitence make thee her Friend,
 And find in thee a guardian God.

169

P. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

Feast of the Pilgrims.

- 4 THE breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,
 And the woods against a stormy sky
 Their giant branches tossed ;
- 2 And the heavy night hung dark,
 The hills and waters o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore.
- 3 Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted, came ;
 Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
 And the trumpet that sings of fame ;

- 4 Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear;—
 They shook the depths of the desert gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.
- 5 Amidst the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard, and the sea!
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
 To the anthem of the free.
- 6 The ocean-eagle soared
 From his nest by the white wave's foam,
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
 This was their welcome home!
- 7 What sought they thus afar?
 Bright jewels of the mine?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
 They sought a faith's pure shrine!
- 8 Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod!
 They have left unstained what there they found:
 Freedom to worship God.

170

C. M.

J. Q. ADAMS.

Feast of the Pilgrims.

- 1 WHEN, o'er the billow-heaving deep,
 The fathers of our race,
 The precepts of their God to keep,
 Sought here their resting-place,—

- 2 That gracious God their path prepared,
Preserved from every harm,
And still for their protection bared
His everlasting arm.
- 3 His breath, inspiring every gale,
Impels them o'er the main ;
His guardian angels spread the sail,
And tempests howl in vain.
- 4 And can our stony bosoms be
To all these wonders blind ?
Nor swell with thankfulness to thee,
O Parent of mankind ?
- 5 All-gracious God, inflame our zeal ;
Dispense one blessing more ;
Grant us thy boundless love to feel,
Thy goodness to adore.

Feast of the Pilgrims.

- 1 Sons of renowned sires,
Join in harmonious choirs,
Swell your loud songs ;
Daughters of peerless dames,
Come with your mild acclaims,
Let their revered names
Dwell on your tongues.

- 2 From frowning Albion's seat,
See the famed band retreat,
 On ocean tost ;
Blue tumbling billows roar,
By keels scarce ploughed before,
And bear them to this shore,
 Fettered with frost.
- 3 Not winter's sullen face,
Not the fierce tawny race
 In arms arrayed ;
Not hunger shook their faith,
Not pestilential breath,
Nor Carver's early death,
 Their souls dismayed.
- 4 Watered by heavenly dew,
The germ of Empire grew,
 Freedom its root ;
From the cold northern pine,
Far toward the burning line,
Spreads the luxuriant vine
 Bending with fruit.
- 5 Columbia, child of heaven,
The best of blessings given,
 Rest on thy head ;
Beneath thy peaceful skies,
While prosperous tides arise,
Here turn your grateful eyes,
 Revere the dead.

6 Here trace the moss-grown stones,
 Where rest their mould'ring bones,
 Again to rise ;
 And let thy sons be led
 To emulate the dead,
 While o'er their tombs they tread
 With moisten'd eyes.

7 Sons of renowned sires,
 Join in harmonious choirs,
 Swell your loud songs ;
 Daughters of peerless dames,
 Come with your mild acclaims,
 Let their revered names
 Dwell on your tongues.

172

L. M.

J. F. CLARKE.

Feast of the Reformation.

- 1 FOR all thy gifts we praise thee, Lord,
 With lifted song and bended knee,
 But now our thanks are chiefly poured
 For those who taught us to be free.
- 2 For when the soul lay bound below
 A heavy yoke of forms and creeds,
 And none thy word of truth could know,
 O'ergrown with tares and choked with weeds ;
- 3 When God's free grace was basely sold,
 False prophets taught and priests bore rule ;

When robbers climbed in Jesus' fold,
And bigots sat in Jesus' school ; —

- 4 Thy strength, O Lord! in that dark night
By mouths of babes thou didst ordain ;
And thy free truth went forth with might,
Not empty to return again.
- 5 The monarch's sword, the prelate's pride,
The church's curse, the empire's ban,
By one poor monk were all defied,
Who never feared the face of man.
- 6 Half-battles were the words he said,
Each born of prayer, baptized in tears :
And routed by them, backward fled
The errors of a thousand years.
- 7 The glittering sword of gospel light
Smote through the mass with lightning power :
The sun of truth, with heavenly might,
Consumed the stubble in an hour.
- 8 With lifted song and bended knee,
For all thy gifts we praise thee, Lord ;
But chief for those who made us free,
The champions of thy holy word.

173

P. M.

W. J. FOX.

Feast of the Reformation.

- 1 PRAISE to the heroes who struck for the Right
When Freedom and truth were defended in fight:
Of blood-shedding hirelings the deeds are abhorred,
But the patriot smites with the sword of the Lord.
- 2 Praise to the martyrs' who died for the Right,
Nor ever bowed down at the bidding of might:
Their ashes were cast all abroad on the wind,
But more widely the blessings they won for mankind.
- 3 Praise to the sages, the teachers of Right,
Whose voice in the darkness said, "Let there be
light!"
The sophist may gain the renown of an hour,
But wisdom is glory, while knowledge is power.
- 4 Heroes, martyrs, and sages, true prophets of Right!
They foresaw, and they made man's futurity bright.
Their fame would ascend, though the world sunk in
flames;
Be their spirit on all who sing praise to their names!

174

C. M. ROBERT NICOLL.

Feast of the Reformation.

- 1 AN offering to the shrine of power
Our hands shall never bring ;
A garland on the ear of pomp
Our hands shall never fling ;
Applauding in the conqueror's path
Our voices ne'er shall be ;
But we have hearts to honor those
Who bade the world go free !

- 2 Praise to the good, the pure, the great,
Who made us what we are !
Who lit the flame which yet shall glow
With radiance brighter far.
Glory to them in coming time,
And through eternity,
Who burst the captive's galling chain,
And bade the world go free !

Charitable, Anniversary, Mis- sionary and other Meetings.

175

7s. M.

J. NEWTON.

New Year.

- 1 WHILE with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

- 2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find,—
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—

Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream:
 Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise;
 All below is but a dream.

- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us, henceforth, how to live
 With eternity in view;
 Bless thy word to young and old,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love,
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above.

176

10s. M.

E. TAYLOR.

Old or New Year.

- 1 God of the changing year, whose arm of power
 In safety leads through danger's darkest hour,
 Here in thy temple bow thine creatures down,
 To bless thy mercy, and thy might to own.
- 2 Thine are the beams that cheer us on our way,
 And pour around the gladdening light of day;
 Thine is the night, and the fair orbs that shine
 To cheer its hours of darkness — all are thine.
- 3 If round our path the thorns of sorrow grew,
 And mortal friends were faithless, thou wert true:
 Did sickness shake the frame, or anguish tear
 The wounded spirit, thou wert present there.

- 4 Yet when our hearts review departed days,
 How vast thy mercies! how remiss our praise!
 Well may we dread thine awful eye to meet,
 Bend at thy throne, and worship at thy feet.
- 5 O lend thine ear, and lift our voice to thee;
 Where'er we dwell, still let thy mercy be;
 From year to year, still nearer to thy shrine
 Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly thine.

177

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

New Year.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of every joy!
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,
 While in thy temple we appear,
 Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
 Thy hand supports the steady pole;
 The sun is taught by thee to rise,
 And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
 Demand successive songs of praise;
 Still be the cheerful homage paid,
 With opening light and evening shade.
- 4 O may our more harmonious tongues
 In worlds unknown pursue the songs;
 And in those brighter courts adore,
 Where days and years revolve no more!

Missionary Hymn.

- 1 MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain:
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;
But waters earth
Through every pore,
And calls forth all
Its secret store.
- 2 Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine;
And man and beast are fed
By Providence divine:
The harvest bows
Its golden ears,
The copious seed
Of future years.
- 3 "So," saith the God of grace,
"My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend;
Millions of souls
Shall feel its power,
And bear it down
To millions more."

Missionary Hymn.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high —
Shall we to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! O Salvation ;
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

180

G & 4s. M.

PIERPONT.

National Anniversary.

- 1 BREAK forth in song, ye trees
As, through your tops, the breeze
Sweeps from the sea ;
For, on its rushing wings,
To your cool shades and springs,
That breeze a people brings,
Exiled, though free.
- 2 Ye sister hills, lay down
Of ancient oaks your crown,
In homage due ; —
These are the great of earth,
Great, not by kingly birth,
Great in their well-proved worth,
Firm hearts and true.
- 3 These are the living lights,
That from your bold, green heights,
Shall shine afar,
Till they who name the name
Of Freedom, to the flame
Come, as the Magi came
Toward's Bethlehem's star.
- 4 Gone are those great and good
Who here, in peril, stood
And raised their hymn.

Peace to the reverend dead!
 The light, that on their head
 Two hundred years have shed,
 Shall ne'er grow dim.

5 Ye temples, that to God
 Rise where our fathers trod,
 Guard well your trust, —
 The faith, that dared the sea,
 The truth, that made them free,
 Their cherished purity,
 Their garnered dust.

6 Thou high and holy ONE,
 Whose care for sire and son
 All nature fills;
 While day shall break and close,
 While night her crescent shows,
 O, let thy light repose
 On these our hills.

National Anniversary.

1 MY country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrim's pride,
 From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

- 2 My native country, thee —
Land of the noble free —
Thy name — I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze, ·
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song :
Let mortal tongues awake ;
Let all that breathe partake ;
Let rocks their silence break, —
The sound prolong.
- 4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing :
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

National Anniversary.

- 1 In pleasant lands have fallen the lines
That bound our goodly heritage,
And safe beneath our sheltering vines
Our youth is blest, and soothed our age.

- 2 What thanks, O God, to thee are due,
That thou didst plant our fathers here;
And watch and guard them as they grew,
A vineyard, to the planter dear.
- 3 The toils they bore, our ease have wrought;
They sowed in tears — in joy we reap;
The birthright they so dearly bought
We'll guard, 'till we with them shall sleep.
- 4 Thy kindness to our fathers shown,
In weal and wo through all the past,
Their grateful sons, O God, shall own
While here their name and race shall last.

Anniversary Hymn.

- 1 God of mercy, do thou never
From our offering turn away,
But command a blessing ever
On the memory of this day.
- 2 Light and peace, do Thou ordain it;
O'er it be no shadow flung;
Let no deadly darkness stain it,
And no cloud be o'er it hung.
- 3 May the song this people raises,
And its vows, to Thee addressed,
Mingle with the prayers and praises,
That Thou hearest from the blessed.

- 4 When the lips are cold, that sing Thee,
 And the hearts that love Thee, dust,
 Father, then our souls shall bring Thee
 Holier love and firmer trust.

184

7s. M. JAMES R. LOWELL.

Anti-Slavery Meeting.

- 1 MEN! whose boast it is, that ye
 Come of fathers brave and free,
 If there breathe on earth a slave,
 Are ye truly free and brave?
 If ye do not feel the chain
 When it works a brother's pain,
 Are ye not base slaves indeed —
 Slaves unworthy to be freed?
- 2 Is true freedom but to break
 Fetters for our own dear sake,
 And with leathern hearts forget
 That we owe mankind a debt?
 No! true freedom is to share
 All the chains our brothers wear,
 And with heart and hand to be
 Earnest to make others free!
- 3 They are slaves, who fear to speak
 For the fallen and the weak;
 They are slaves, who will not choose
 Hatred, scoffing and abuse,

Rather than, in silence, shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves, who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

PART II.

Adoration.

185

C. M.

PATRICK.

Te Deum.

- 1 O God, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.
- 2 To thee all angels cry aloud ;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry, —
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway !
- 4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,

With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

- 5 The holy church, throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

Song of Adoration.

- 1 LET one loud song of praise arise
To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows ;
Who dwells enthroned above the skies,
And life and breath on all bestows.
- 2 Let all of good this bosom fires,
To him, sole good, give praises due ;
Let all the truth himself inspires
Unite to sing him only true.
- 3 In ardent adoration joined,
Obedient to thy holy will,
Let all our faculties, combined,
Thy just commands, O God, fulfil.
- 4 O, may the solemn, breathing sound,
Like incense rise before thy throne,
Where thou, whose glory knows no bound,
Great Cause of all things, dwell'st alone.

187

7s. M.

J. TAYLOR.

Glory to God.

- 1 GLORY be to God on high,
 God, whose glory fills the sky;
 Peace on earth to man forgiven,
 Man, the well beloved of heaven.
- 2 Favored mortals, raise the song;
 Endless thanks to God belong;
 Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
 Join the hymns your voices raise.
- 3 Mark the wonders of his hand;
 Power, no empire can withstand;
 Wisdom, angels' glorious theme;
 Goodness, one eternal stream.
- 4 Awful being! from thy throne
 Send thy promised blessings down:
 Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
 Bid our raging passions cease.

188

L. M.

HEBER.

Adoration.

- 1 OH thou whom neither time nor space
 Can circle in, unseen, unknown,
 Nor faith in boldest flight can trace
 Save through thy Spirit and thy Son.

- 2 Be ours, O King of Mercy! still
 To feel thy presence from above,
 And in thy word, and in thy will
 To hear thy voice, and know thy love.
- 3 Great First and Last! thy blessing give!
 And grant us faith, thy gift alone,
 To love and praise thee while we live,
 And do whate'er thou wouldst have done.
- 4 And when the toils of life are done,
 And nature waits thy dread decree,
 To find our rest beneath thy throne,
 And look, in humble hope, to thee.

189

L. M.

BROWNE.

The only True God.

- 1 ETERNAL God, Almighty Cause
 Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown,
 All things are subject to thy laws;
 All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
 Of all within itself possessed;
 Controlled by none are thy commands;
 Thou in thyself alone art blessed.
- 3 Worship to thee alone belongs;
 Worship to thee alone we give;
 Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,
 And to thy glory may we live.

- 4 Lord, spread thy name through heathen lands ;
 Their idol deities dethrone ;
 Subdue the world to thy commands,
 And reign, as thou art, God alone.

190

C. M. SPIRIT OF THE Ps.

God the only Object of Worship.

- 1 O GOD, our strength, to thee the song
 With grateful hearts we raise ;
 To thee, and thee alone, belong
 All worship, love, and praise.
- 2 In trouble's dark and stormy hour,
 Thine ear hath heard our prayer ;
 And graciously thine arm of power
 Hath saved us from despair.
- 3 And thou, O ever gracious Lord,
 Wilt keep thy promise still,
 If, meekly hearkening to thy word,
 We seek to do thy will.
- 4 Led by the light thy grace imparts,
 Ne'er may we bow the knee
 To idols, which our wayward hearts
 Set up instead of thee.
- 5 So shall thy choicest gifts, O Lord,
 Thy faithful people bless ;
 For them shall earth its stores afford,
 And Heaven its happiness.

191

C. M.

THOMSON.

Goodness of God.

- 1 JEHOVAH, God, thy gracious power
On every hand we see ;
O, may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee !
- 2 If on the wings of morn we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love our path surround.
- 3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies ;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see ;
And all the blessings we receive,
Ceaseless, proceed from thee.
- 5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend ;
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend !

192

C. M.

WATTS.

God is Everywhere.

- 1 In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest ;
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they 're formed within ;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high !
Where can a creature hide ?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

On the Sea Shore.

- 1 BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
 Above that dome of sky,
 Further than thought itself can flee,
 Thy dwelling is on high ;
 Yet dear the awful thought to me,
 That thou, my God, art nigh.
- 2 We hear thy voice, when thunders roll
 Through the wide fields of air ;
 The waves obey thy dread control ;
 Yet still thou art not there.
 Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
 Who yet is everywhere ?
- 3 O, not in circling depth, or height,
 But in the conscious breast,
 Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
 There does his spirit rest.
 O come, thou Presence Infinite,
 And make thy creature blest.

God Seeth Us.

- 1 AMONG the deepest shades of night,
 Can there be one who sees my way ?
 Yes, God is like the shining light,
 That turns the darkness into day.

- 2 When every eye around me sleeps,
 May I not sin without control?
 No, for a constant watch he keeps
 On every thought of every soul.
- 3 If I could find some cave unknown,
 Where human feet have never trod,
 Yet there I could not be alone ;
 On every side, there would be God.
- 4 He smiles in heaven, he rules in hell ;
 He fills the air, the earth, the sea :
 I must within his presence dwell,
 I cannot from his presence flee.

195

L. M. TATE & BRADY.

God's Eternity and Sovereignty.

- 1 WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
 The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
 The world's foundations strongly laid,
 And the vast fabric still sustains.
- 2 How surely 'stablished is thy throne !
 Which shall no change or period see ;
 For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
 Art God from all eternity.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
 And toss the troubled waves on high ;
 But God above can still their noise,
 And make the angry sea comply.

- 4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
 And they that in thy house would dwell,
 That happy station to secure,
 Must still in holiness excel.

God's Majesty and Sovereignty.

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns ;
 His throne is built on high ;
 The garments he assumes
 Are light and majesty :
 His glories shine
 With beams so bright,
 No mortal eye
 Can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of his hand
 Keep the wide world in awe ;
 His power and justice stand
 To guard his holy law :
 And where his love
 Resolves to bless,
 His truth confirms
 And seals the grace.
- 3 And can this mighty King
 Of glory condescend ?
 And will he write his name
 " My Father and my Friend ? "

I love his name,
 I love his word;
 Join, all my powers,
 And praise the Lord.

197

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

What who is Invisible.

- 1 ETERNAL and immortal King,
 Thy peerless splendors none can bear;
 But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
 When God with all his lustre's there.
- 2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
 The great Invisible can see,
 And with its tremblings mingle joy,
 In fixed regards, great God, to thee.
- 3 Then every tempting form of sin,
 Shamed in thy presence, disappears;
 And all the glowing, raptured soul
 The likeness it contemplates wears.
- 4 O, ever-conscious to my heart,
 Witness to its supreme desire,
 Behold, it presseth on to thee,
 For it hath caught the heavenly fire.
- 5 This one petition would it urge —
 To bear thee ever in its sight;
 In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
 Its only portion and delight.

God Incomprehensible.

- 1 CAN creatures to perfection find
The eternal, uncreated mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?
- 2 'Tis high as heaven, 'tis deep as hell;
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.
- 3 God is a King of power unknown;
Firm are the orders of his throne;
If he resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why or what he does?
- 4 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon;
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;
The pillars of heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.
- 5 These are a portion of his ways;
But who shall dare describe his face?
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

199

L. M.

SIR W. SCOTT.

Employing the Constant Presence of God.

- 1 WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out of the land of bondage came,
 Her fathers' God before her moved,
 An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
- 2 By day, along the astonished lands
 The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
 By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
 Returned the fiery column's glow.
- 3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
 When brightly shines the prosperous day,
 Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
 To temper the deceitful ray!
- 4 And, O, when stoops upon our path,
 In shade and storm, the frequent night,
 Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light.

200

S. M.

METHODIST COL.

God the Creator.

- 1 O ALL-CREATING God!
 At whose supreme decree
 Our body rose, a breathing clod,
 Our souls sprang forth from thee ;

2 For this thou hast designed,
 And formed us man for this,
 To know and love thyself, and find
 In thee our endless bliss.

201

C. M.

WATTS.

Eternal Dominion of God.

- 1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
 How frail and weak are we!
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
 Ere seas or stars were made:
 Thou art the ever-living God,
 Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present in thy view;
 To thee there 's nothing old appears;
 Great God! there 's nothing new.
- 4 Our lives through varying scenes are drawn,
 And vexed with trifling cares,
 While thine eternal thought moves on
 Thine undisturbed affairs.
- 5 Great God, how infinite art thou!
 How frail and weak are we!
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee.

Praise.

202

7s. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Glory to God in the Highest.

- 1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?

No; the church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

203

10 & 11s. M.

PARK.

Thanksgiving and Praise.

1 My soul, praise the Lord, speak good of his name!
His mercies record, his bounties proclaim:
To God, their creator, let all creatures raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise!

2 Though hid from man's sight, God sits on his throne,
Yet here by his works their Author is known:
The world shines a mirror its Maker to show,
And heaven views its image reflected below.

3 By knowledge supreme, by wisdom divine,
God governs this earth with gracious design;
O'er beast, bird, and insect, his providence reigns,
Whose will first created, whose love still sustains.

4 And man, his last work, with reason endued,
 Who, falling through sin, by grace is renewed;
 To God, his Creator, let man ever raise
 The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise!

204

8 & 7s. M.

DUBLIN COL.

All Creatures Invoked to Praise God.

1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore him;
 Praise him, angels in the height;
 Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
 Praise him all ye stars of light!

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
 Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
 Laws which never can be broken,
 For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
 Never shall his promise fail;
 God hath made his saints victorious,
 Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
 Hosts on high his power proclaim;
 Heaven and earth, and all creation,
 Praise and magnify his name!

Creating Wisdom.

- 1 ETERNAL Wisdom! thee we praise;
Thee the creation sings;
With thy great name rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace, rings.
- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold!
- 3 The noisy winds stand ready there
Thy orders to obey;
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.
- 4 There, like a trumpet loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast,
While the red lightnings wave along —
The banners of thine host.
- 5 The rolling mountains of the deep
Observe thy strong command;
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.
- 6 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.

206

L. M.

WATTS.

Praise from Nature.

- 1 AWAKE, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of lofty praise declare ;
While the soft whisper of his name
Fills every gentle breeze of air.
- 2 Ye flowery plains, proclaim his skill ;
Vallies, lie low before his eye ;
And let his praise, from every hill,
Rise, tuneful, to the neighboring sky.
- 3 Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,
Bend your high branches, and adore ;
Praise him, ye beasts, in different strains ;
The lamb shall bleat, the lion roar.
- 4 Birds, ye shall make his praise your theme,
Nature demands a song from you ;
While the dumb fish that cut the stream
Leap up, and mean his praises too.

207

S. M.

WATTS.

Sincere Praise.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God !
How wondrous is thy name !
Thy glories how diffused abroad
Throughout creation's frame !

- 2 Nature, in every dress,
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways to express
Her undissembled praise.
- 3 In native white and red
The rose and lily stand,
And, free from pride, their beauties spread,
To show thy skilful hand.
- 4 The lark mounts up the sky
With unambitious song,
And bears her Maker's praise on high
Upon her artless tongue.
- 5 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too ;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.
- 6 Create my soul anew,
Or all my worship's vain ;
This sinful heart will not be true,
Till it be formed again.
- 7 In joy then let me spend
The remnant of my days ;
And to my God my soul ascend,
In sweet perfume of praise.

208

L. M.

WATTS.

Sun, Moon, and Stars, Praise ye the Lord.

- 1 FAIREST of all the lights above,
Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,
And with unwearied swiftness move
To form the circles of our years, —
- 2 Praise the Creator of the skies,
That dressed thine orb in golden rays ;
Or may the sun forget to rise,
If he forget his Maker's praise.
- 3 Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of silence, silver moon,
Whose gentle beams and borrowed light
Are softer rivals of the noon, —
- 4 Arise, and to that sovereign Power
Waxing and waning honors pay,
Who bade thee rule the dusky hour,
And half supply the absent day.
- 5 Ye twinkling stars, who gild the skies
When darkness has its curtains drawn,
Who keep your watch with wakeful eyes,
When business, cares, and day are gone, —
- 6 Proclaim the glories of your Lord,
Dispersed through all the heavenly street,
Whose boundless treasures can afford
So rich a pavement for his feet.

- 7 O God of glory, God of love!
 Thou art the sun that makes our days;
 With all thy shining works above,
 Let earth and man attempt thy praise.

209

C. M.

WATTS.

Sea and Land Praise the Lord.

- 1 SHOUT to the Lord, ye surging seas,
 In your eternal roar;
 Let wave to wave resound his praise,
 And shore reply to shore.
- 2 While fishes, sporting on the flood,
 In scaly silver shine,
 Proclaim their mighty Maker, God,
 Amidst the foaming brine.
- 3 But gentler things shall tune his name
 To softer notes than these;
 Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
 Or whispering through the trees.
- 4 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
 To him who makes you grow;
 Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines,
 On every thankful bough.

210

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Fear Crowned with Divine Goodness.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole ;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land ;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours,
Through all our coasts, redundant stores ;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light and evening shade.
- 6 O, may our more harmonious tongues,
In worlds unknown, pursue the songs ;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

The Books of Nature and Scripture.

- 1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

Harmony of Praise.

- 1 THOU who dwell'st enthroned above!
 Thou, in whom we live and move!
 Thou who art most great, most high!
 God from all eternity!

- 2 O how sweet, how excellent
 'Tis when tongues and hearts consent,
 Grateful hearts, and joyful tongues,
 Hymning thee in tuneful songs!

- 3 When the morning paints the skies,
 When the stars of evening rise,
 We thy praises will record,
 Sovereign Ruler, mighty Lord!

- 4 Decks the spring with flowers the field?
 Harvest rich doth autumn yield?
 Giver of' all good below!
 Lord, from thee these blessings flow.

- 5 Sovereign Ruler! mighty Lord!
 We thy praises will record:
 Giver of these blessings! we
 Pour the grateful song to thee.

Thanksgiving.

- 1 O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing.
In their great Creator
Let all men rejoice,
And heirs of salvation
Be glad in their King.

- 2 Let them his great name
Devoutly adore ;
In loud swelling strains
His praises express,
Who graciously opens
His bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve, and
His children to bless.

- 3 With glory adorned,
His people shall sing
To God, who defence
And plenty supplies ;
Their loud acclamations
To him their great King,
Through earth shall be sounded,
And reach to the skies.

4 Ye angels above,
 His glories who 've sung,
 In loftiest notes,
 Now publish his praise :
 We mortals, delighted,
 Would borrow your tongue ;
 Would join in your numbers,
 And chant to your lays.

214

7s. M.

MILTON.

Praise to God.

- 1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;
 For his mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Let us blaze his name abroad,
 For of gods he is the God ;
 Who, with all-commanding might,
 Filled the new-made world with light ;
- 3 Caused the golden-tressed sun
 All day long his course to run ;
 And the moon to shine by night,
 'Mongst her spangled sisters bright.
- 4 His own people he did bless,
 In the wasteful wilderness ;
 He hath, with a piteous eye,
 Viewed us in our misery.

- 5 All his creatures he doth feed ;
 His full hand supplies their need ;
 Let us, therefore, warble forth
 His high majesty and worth.

215

S. M.

MRS. STEELE.

God our Creator and Benefactor.

- 1 My Maker and my King,
 To thee my all I owe ;
 Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
 From whence my blessings flow.
- 2 Thou ever good and kind,
 A thousand reasons move,
 A thousand obligations bind,
 My heart to grateful love.
- 3 The creature of thy hand,
 On thee alone I live ;
 My God, thy benefits demand
 More praise than life can give.
- 4 O, what can I impart,
 When all is thine before ?
 Thy love demands a thankful heart ;
 The gift, alas, how poor !
- 5 O, let thy grace inspire
 My soul with strength divine ;
 Let all my powers to thee aspire,
 And all my days be thine.

216

7s. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Universal Praise.

- 1 ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
All ye lands, your voices raise ;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, forever praise.
- 2 For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.
- 3 Praise him, ye who know his love ;
Praise him, from the depths beneath :
Praise him in the heights above ;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe !

217

L. M. 6 l.

T. MOORE.

God the Life and Light of the World.

- 1 THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.
- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,

And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into heaven,
 Those hues that make the sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

4 When youthful Spring around us breathes,
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
 And every flower the Summer wreaths
 Is born beneath thy kindling eye.
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

Hosanna to the Lord.

1 HOSANNA to the living Lord!
 Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
 Above, beneath us, and around,
 The dead and living swell the sound.

2 Hosanna, Lord! thine angels cry ;
 Hosanna, Lord! thy saints reply ;
 O then, with thy protecting care,
 Return to this thy house of prayer!

3 But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
 Eternal! bid thy spirit rest,
 And make our secret soul to be
 A temple pure, and worthy thee!

219

7s. M.

BOWRING.

Lowly Praise.

1 LORD, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
 Hear the praises of our race,
 And, while hearing, let thy grace
 Dews of sweet forgiveness pour;
 While we know, benignant King,
 That the praises which we bring
 Are a worthless offering
 Till thy blessing makes it more.

2 More of truth, and more of might,
 More of love, and more of light,
 More of reason, and of right,
 From thy pardoning grace be given!
 It can make the humblest song
 Sweet, acceptable, and strong,
 As the strains the angels' throng
 Pour around the throne of heaven.

Submission and Reliance.

220

C. M. H. M. WILLIAMS.

Habitual Devotion.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
 Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed ;
 To thee my thoughts would soar ;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;
 That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
 Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,

My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
That heart shall rest on thee.

221

L. M.

NORTON.

Trust and Submission.

1 MY God, I thank thee ; may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe ;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay ;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know ;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

- 4 Thy various messengers employ ;
 Thy purposes of love fulfil ;
 And, mid the wreck of human joy,
 Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

Acquiescence in the Divine Will.

- 1 AUTHOR of good, we rest on thee :
 Thine ever-watchful eye
 Alone our real wants can see,
 Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 In thine all-gracious providence
 Our cheerful hopes confide ;
 O, let thy power be our defence,
 Thy love our footsteps guide !
- 3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
 Too oft, with stubborn will,
 We blindly shun the latent good,
 And grasp the specious ill, —
- 4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
 Let mercy still supply ;
 The good unasked, O Father, grant ;
 The ill, though asked, deny.

223

C. M.

COWPER.

Light Shining out of Darkness.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

Crosses Borne.

- 1 My span of life will soon be done,
The passing moments say ;
As lengthening shadows o'er the mead,
Proclaim the close of day.
O that my heart might dwell aloof
From all created things,
And learn that wisdom from above,
Whence true contentment springs.

- 2 Courage, my soul ! thy bitter cross,
In every trial here
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.
Courage, my soul ! on God rely,
Deliverance soon will come ;
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home.

- 3 'Ere first I drew this vital breath,
Or heaven and earth could see,
Crosses, in number, measure, weight,
Were written, Lord, for me ;
But thou, my shepherd, friend and guide,
Hast led me kindly on,
Taught me to rest my fainting head
On Christ the corner-stone.

- 4 So comforted, and so sustained,
 With dark events I strove,
 And found, when rightly understood,
 All messengers of love ;
 With silence and submissive awe,
 Adored a chastening God,
 Revered the terrors of the law,
 And humbly kissed the rod.

225

7s. M.

COWPER.

Welcome, Cross.

- 1 'Tis my happiness below
 Not to live without the cross,
 But the Saviour's power to know,
 Sanctifying every loss :
 Trials must and will befall ;
 But with humble faith to see
 Love inscribed upon them all, —
 This is happiness to me.
- 2 God in Israel sows the seeds
 Of affliction, pain, and toil :
 These spring up, and choke the weeds
 Which would else o'erspread the soil :
 Trials make the promise sweet ;
 Trials give new life to prayer ;
 Trials bring me to his feet,
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

226

L. M. 6 l.

BOWRING.

Help Thou my Unbelief.

- 1 If, listening, as I listen still,
 O God, to thine instructive word,
 In spite of all my spirit's will,
 Some whispering voice of doubt is heard, —
 That voice spontaneous from the soul,
 Which nought can check and nought control ;
- 2 If, when most earnestly I pray
 For light, for aid, for strength from thee,
 Some struggling thoughts will force their way,
 And break my soul's serenity ; —
 If reason, thy best gift, will hold
 The sceptre only half controlled ; —
- 3 Help, and forgive ! Heaven's alphabet
 Hath many a word of mystery ;
 I read not all thy record yet,
 Though perseveringly I try ;
 But teach me, Lord, and none shall be
 More prompt, more pleased to learn of thee.

227

L. M. 6 l.

BOWRING.

God's Merciful Providence.

- 1 O, LET my trembling soul be still,
 While darkness veils this mortal eye,
 And wait thy wise, thy holy will,
 Wrapped yet in fears and mystery :

I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see ;
Yet all is well, since ruled by thee.

- 2 When, mounted on thy clouded car,
Thou sendest thy darker spirits down,
I can discern thy light afar,
Thy light sweet beaming through thy frown ;
And, should I faint a moment, then
I think of thee, and smile again.
- 3 So, trusting in thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on :
What though some cherished joys are fled ?
What though some flattering dreams are gone ?
Yet purer, brighter joys, remain :
Why should my spirit, then, complain ?

228

L. M. G l.

MORAVIAN.

Abiding to God.

- 1 O, DRAW me, Father, after thee ;
So shall I run and never tire ;
With gracious words still comfort me ;
Be thou my Hope, my sole Desire ;
Free me from every weight ; nor fear
Nor sin can come, if thou art here.
- 2 From all eternity, with love
Unchangeable thou hast me viewed ;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued ;

Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side!

- 3 In suffering, be thy love my peace ;
In weakness, be thy love my power ;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
My God, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be thou my Guide,
And bear me through death's whelming tide.

For a Holy Heart.

- 1 GREAT Source of life and light,
Thy heavenly grace impart,
And by thy Holy Spirit write
Thy law upon my Heart :
My soul would cleave to thee ;
Let nought my purpose move ;
O, let my faith more steadfast be,
And more intense my love !

- 2 Imbue my constant mind
With deep humility,
And let an ardent zeal be joined
With perfect charity ;
That grace to me impart,
With meekness to reprove,
To hate the sin with all my heart,
And still the sinner love.

3 Long as my trials last,
 Long as the cross I bear,
 O, let my soul on thee be cast
 In confidence and prayer!
 Conduct me to the shore
 Of everlasting peace,
 Where storm and tempest rise no more,
 Where sin and sorrow cease.

230

H. M.

WATTS.

God our Preserver.

1 UPWARD I lift my eyes;
 From God is all my aid —
 The God that built the skies,
 And earth and nature made:
 God is the tower
 To which I fly;
 His grace is nigh
 In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
 And fall in fatal snares,
 Since God, my Guard and Guide,
 Defends me from my fears:
 Those wakeful eyes,
 That never sleep,
 Shall Israel keep,
 When dangers rise.

- 3 No burning heats by day,
 Nor blasts of evening air,
 Shall take my health away,
 If God be with me there :
 Thou art my sun,
 And thou my shade,
 To guard my head
 By night or noon.
- 4 Hast thou not given thy word
 To save my soul from death ?
 And I can trust my Lord
 To keep my mortal breath :
 I'll go and come,
 Nor fear to die,
 Till from on high
 Thou call me home.

231

11s. M.

MONTGOMERY.

God our Shepherd.

- 1 THE Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know ;
 I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest ;
 He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow ;
 Restores me when wandering, redeems when op-
 pressed.
- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I
 stray,
 Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear ;
 Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay,
 No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
 With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
 With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
 O what shall I ask of thy providence more?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
 Still follow my steps, till I meet thee above;
 I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
 Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of
 love.

232

L. M.

WATTS.

Darkness of Providence.

- 1 LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
 The obscure abyss of providence!
 Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
 Too dark to view with feeble sense.
- 2 Through seas and storms of deep distress
 We sail by faith, and not by sight;
 Faith guides us in the wilderness,
 Through all the terrors of the night.
- 3 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
 Resolve to scourge us here below;
 Still let us lean upon our God;
 Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

God our Shepherd.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill ;
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

234

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Paternal Providence of God.

- 1 THROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God! conducts unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 Thou givest, with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To all, their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thine eternal will depend ;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue the appointed end.
- 4 Be this my care! — to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be ;
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed my soul, great God! on thee.

235

L. M.

TATE & BRADY.

Perfections and Providence of God.

- 1 O LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,
The highest orb of heaven transcends ;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope
Beyond the sparkling skies extends.

- 2 Thy justice, like the hills, remains ;
Unfathomed depths thy judgments are ;
Thy providence the world sustains ;
The whole creation is thy care.
- 3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust !
- 4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast,
And drink, as from a fountain head,
Of joys that shall forever last.

236

L. M.

WATTS.

Praise for Protection, Grace, and Truth.

- 1 MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings
Till the dark cloud is overblown.
- 2 Up to the heavens I send my cry ;
The Lord will my desires perform ;
He sends his angel from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.
- 3 Be thou exalted, O my God !
Above the heavens, where angels dwell ;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

237

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Days of the Upright known to God.

- 1 To thee, my God, my days are known;
My soul enjoys the thought;
My actions all before thy face,
Nor are my faults forgot.
- 2 Each secret breath devotion vents
Is vocal to thine ear;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.
- 3 The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy shall approve;
And every pang of sympathy,
And every care of love.
- 4 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.
- 5 Full in thy view through life I pass,
And in thy view I die;
And, when each mortal bond is broke,
Shall find my God is nigh.

238

L. M.

TATE & BRADY.

Confidence in the Divine Care.

- 1 No change of times shall ever shock
 My firm affection, Lord, to thee ;
 For thou hast always been a rock,
 A fortress and defence to me.
- 2 Thou my Deliverer art, my God ;
 My trust is in thy mighty power ;
 Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
 At home my safeguard and my tower.
- 3 To heaven I made my mournful prayer,
 To God addressed my humble moan,
 Who graciously inclined his ear,
 And heard me from his lofty throne.
- 4 Who, then, deserves to be adored,
 But God, on whom my hopes depend ?
 Or who, except the mighty Lord,
 Can with resistless power defend ?

239

S. M.

WATTS.

Adoption.

- 1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
 The Father hath bestowed
 On sinners of a mortal race,
 To call them sons of God !

- 2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we shall be made ;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.
- 3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure ;
May cleanse our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 4 If, in our Father's love
We share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon our heart.
- 5 We would no longer lie,
Like slaves beneath the throne ;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

240

L. M. METHODIST COL.

Deliverances Acknowledged.

- 1 God of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head !
- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see :
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

- 3 Whither, O! whither should I fly,
 But to my loving Father's breast,
 Secure within thine arms to lie,
 And safe beneath thy wings to rest?
- 4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
 But thou, O God, my wisdom art;
 I ever into ruin run;
 But thou art greater than my heart.
- 5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
 Lead me a way I have not known;
 Bring me where I my heaven may find,
 The heaven of loving thee alone.

241

C. M.

J. TAYLOR.

Trust in God through all Changes.

- 1 FATHER divine! before thy view,
 All worlds, all creatures lie;
 No distance can elude thy search,
 No action 'scape thine eye.
- 2 From thee our vital breath we drew,
 Our childhood was thy care;
 And vigorous youth, and feeble age,
 Thy kind protection share.
- 3 Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,
 Thy ceaseless bounty flows;
 Oppressed with wo, when nature faints,
 Thine arm is our repose.

- 4 To thee we look, thou Power Supreme,
 O still our wants supply!
 Safe in thy presence may we live,
 And in thy favor die.

242

P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Devotion and Virtue.

- 1 SAVE me from my foes,
 Shield me, Lord, from harm,
 Let me safe repose
 On thy mighty arm.
 Thou art God alone ;
 Those who seek thy heavenly face,
 Thou wilt bless, and they shall own
 Thy matchless grace.
- 2 Pleasant is the land
 Where Jehovah's known,
 Where a pious band
 Bow before his throne,
 Who with loud acclaim
 Sing his great and wondrous love,
 Who ere long shall praise his name
 With saints above.
- 3 Let my faith and love
 With my years increase ;
 Let me never rove
 From the paths of peace ;

But through life display
Holy deeds and actions pure,
That when life has passed away,
May bliss be sure.

243

S. M.

MORAVIAN.

The Christian Encouraged.

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears ;
Hope and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;
God shall lift up my head.
- 2 Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou his time, so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 He everywhere hath rule,
And all things serve his might ;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.
- 4 Thou comprehend'st him not ;
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as sovereign on the throne ;
He ruleth all things well.
- 5 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee :
O, lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee !

- 6 Let us, in life or death,
 Boldly thy truth declare ;
And publish, with our latest breath,
 Thy love and guardian care.

244

8 & 7s. M.

BOWRING.

God is Love.

- 1 God is love ; his mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove ;
Bliss he wakes, and wo he lightens ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever ;
 Man decays, and ages move,
But his mercy waneth never ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will his changeless goodness prove ;
From the gloom his brightness streameth ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above ;
Everywhere his glory shineth ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

Christ.

245

11s. M.

DRUMMOND.

Preparation for Christ.

- 1 A VOICE from the desert comes awful and shrill ;
The Lord is advancing ! prepare ye the way !
The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,
And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day.
- 2 Bring down the proud mountain, though towering to
heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high :
The rough path and crooked be made smooth and
even,
For, Zion ! your King, your Redeemer is nigh.
- 3 The beams of salvation his progress illumine ;
The lone dreary wilderness sings of her Lord ;
The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace spreads its branches abroad.

246

C. M. SPIRIT OF THE PS.

Guiding Star to Christ.

- 1 BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
 With mild benignant ray,
 The Gentiles to the lowly shed
 Where the Redeemer lay.
- 2 But lo! a brighter, clearer light,
 Now points to his abode,
 It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
 To guide us to our Lord.
- 3 O haste to follow where it leads;
 The gracious call obey;
 Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
 The Christian's destined way.
- 4 O gladly tread the narrow path,
 While light and grace are given;
 Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
 Shall reign with him in heaven.

247

S. M. FROTHINGHAM.

Christ's Manifestation.

- 1 WE meditate the day
 Of triumph and of rest,
 When, shown of God, and shaped in clay,
 The Word was manifest.

- 2 Lord, give it gracious sweep,
 And here its errand bless,
 Whose mercy sent it o'er the deep,
 To glad a wilderness.
- 3 Ray out its starry light,
 To guide our pilgrim way —
 A sign of hope through this world's night,
 And brighter than its day.
- 4 Again thy witness-voice!
 Again thy spirit-dove!
 That hearts may in its trust rejoice,
 And soften with its love.
- 5 Send round its blessed cup,
 As once in Galilee;
 And catch our dull affections up
 To heaven, and Christ, and thee.

Christ's Message.

- 1 HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes!
 The Saviour promised long!
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the spirit largely poured,
 Exerts its sacred fire;
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
 His holy breast inspire.

- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
 To clear the mental ray;
 And on the eye-balls of the blind
 To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure;
 And with the treasure of his grace
 Enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

249

L. M.

BOWRING.

Teaching of Jesus.

- 1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
 From lips of gentleness and grace,
 When listening thousands gathered round,
 And joy and reverence filled the place!
- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
 To heaven he led his followers' way;
 Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
 Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
 Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"
 Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
 Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

250

L. M.

MILMAN.

Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.

- 1 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
 Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry!
 Thy humble beast pursues his road,
 With palms and scattered garments strowed.
- 2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
 In lowly pomp ride on to die!
 O Christ, thy triumphs now begin,
 O'er captive death and conquered sin.
- 3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
 The winged squadrons of the sky
 Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
 To see the approaching sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
 Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
 The Father on his sapphire throne
 Expects his own anointed Son!

251

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Christ in the Midst of his People.

- 1 ON the first Christian Sabbath eve,
 When his disciples met,
 O'er his lost fellowship to grieve,
 Nor knew the Scripture yet—

- 2 Lo, in their midst his form was seen,
 The form in which he died ;
 Their Master's marred and wounded mien,
 His hands, his feet, his side.
- 3 Then were they glad their Lord to know,
 And hailed him, yet with fear ;—
 Jesus, again thy presence show ;
 Meet thy disciples here.
- 4 Be in our midst ; let faith rejoice
 Our risen Lord to view,
 And make our spirits hear thy voice
 Say, "Peace be unto you."
- 5 And while with thee in social hours
 We commune through thy word,
 May our hearts burn, and all our powers
 Confess, "It is the Lord."

252

7s. M.

BISHOP HEBER.

Christ the Judge.

- 1 In the sun and moon and stars
 Signs and wonders there shall be ;
 Earth shall quake with inward wars,
 Nations with perplexity.
- 2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
 Tossed with stronger tempests, rise ;
 Darker storms the mountain sweep,
 Redder lightning rend the skies.

3 Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,
 Racking doubt and restless fear ;
 And, amid the thunder-cloud,
 Shall the Judge of men appear.

4 But though from that awful face
 Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,
 Fear not ye, his chosen race,
 Your redemption draweth nigh !

Christ Coming to Judgment.

1 THE Lord will come ; the earth shall quake,
 The hills their fixed seat forsake ;
 And, withering, from the vault of night,
 The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come, but not the same
 As once in lowly form he came,
 A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
 The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 Can this be he who wont to stray
 A pilgrim on the world's highway,
 By power oppressed, and mocked by pride ?
 O God, is this the Crucified ?

4 Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain ;
 Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain ;
 But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
 Shall sing for joy, "The Lord is come."

254

P. M.

LUTHER.

Luther's Judgment Hymn.

- 1 GREAT God! what do I see and hear!
 The end of things created!
 The Judge of mankind doth appear
 On clouds of glory seated.
 The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
 The dead which they contained before;—
 Prepare, my soul, to meet him!

255

C. M.

WATTS.

Christ's Coming and Kingdom.

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
 Let earth receive her King:
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!
 Let men their songs employ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;
 He comes to make his blessings flow
 As far as sin is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

Christ's Future Church.

- 1 RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
 Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes!
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!
- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn!
 See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
- 3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
 See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
 While every land its joyous tribute brings!
- 4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
 But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
 Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

Christ's Kingdom.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more ;—
- 2 From north to south, the princes meet,
To pay their homage, at his feet ;
And barbarous nations, at his word,
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.
- 3 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice ;—
- 4 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 5 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Song of the Redeemed.

- 1 SING we the song of those who stand
 Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime and land,
 A multitude unknown.

- 2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here ;
 To-day, the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock appear
 One Shepherd and one fold.

- 3 Toil, trial, suffering still await
 On earth the pilgrim's throng ;
Yet learn we, in our low estate,
 The church triumphant's song.

- 4 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
 Cry the redeemed above,
Blessing and honor to obtain,
 And everlasting love.

- 5 Then, hallelujah ! power and praise
 To God in Christ be given ;
May all who now this anthem raise,
 Renew the song in heaven.

259

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Lobe to Christ.

- 1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each worthless idol out,
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Is not thy name melodious still
To my attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure beat
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 3 Hast thou a lamb, in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?
- 4 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord:
But, O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

260

6 & 4s. M.

PRATT'S COL.

Worthy is the Lamb.

- 1 COME, all ye sons of God;
Wide through the earth abroad
Spread Jesus' fame:
Tell what his love has done;

Trust in his name alone ;
 Shout to his lofty throne,
 “ Worthy the Lamb.”

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears !
 Dry up your mournful tears ;
 Swell the glad theme ;
 Praise ye our gracious King ;
 Strike each melodious string ;
 Join heart and voice to sing,
 “ Worthy the Lamb.”

3 Hark ! how the choirs above,
 Filled with the Saviour’s love,
 Dwell on his name !
 There, too, may we be found,
 With light and glory crowned,
 While all the heavens resound,
 “ Worthy the Lamb.”

Hope in Christ.

1 O SAVIOUR, is thy promise fled ?
 Nor longer might thy grace endure
 To heal the sick and raise the dead,
 And preach thy gospel to the poor ?

2 Come, Jesus ! come ! return again ;
 With brighter beam thy servants bless,
 Who long to feel thy perfect reign,
 And share thy kingdom’s happiness !

- 3 A feeble race, by passion driven,
 In darkness and in doubt we roam,
 And lift our anxious eyes to Heaven,
 Our hope, our harbor, and our home.
- 4 Yet, mid the wild and wintry gale,
 When death rides darkly on the sea,
 And strength and earthly daring fail,
 Our hopes, Redeemer, rest on thee!

262

L. M. CHRISTIAN BALLADS.

Character of Christ.

- 1 How beauteous were the marks divine
 That in thy meekness used to shine ;
 That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
 In wondrous love, O Lamb of God!
- 2 O! who like thee, so calm, so bright,
 So pure, so made to live in light,
 O! who like thee, did ever go
 So patient through a world of wo!
- 3 O! who like thee, so humbly bore
 The scorn, the scoffs of men before ;
 So meek, forgiving, god-like, high,
 So glorious in humility!
- 4 The bending angels stooped to see
 The lisping infant clasp thy knee,
 And smile, as in a father's eye,
 Upon thy mild divinity.

- 5 And death, that sets the prisoner free,
 Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee ;
 Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
 And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

263

7s. M.

METHODIST COL.

The Saviour.

- 1 SAVIOUR of the sin-sick soul,
 Give me faith to make me whole !
 Finish thy great work of grace,
 Cut it short in righteousness.
- 2 Speak, the second time, "Be clean!"
 Take away my inbred sin ;
 Every stumbling-block remove ;
 Cast it out by perfect love.
- 3 Nothing less will I require,
 Nothing more can I desire :
 None but Christ to me be given !
 None but Christ in earth or heaven.
- 4 O that I might now decrease !
 O that all I am might cease !
 Let me into nothing fall,
 Let my Lord be all in all !

264

7s. M.

METHODIST COL.

Following Christ.

- 1 WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to thee?
Poor and low in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise!
- 2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below;
Only guided by thy light;
Only mighty in thy might!
- 3 So I may thy Spirit know,
Let him as he listeth blow:
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one.
- 4 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

265

S. M.

METHODIST COL.

Copping Jesus.

- 1 JESUS, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me,
Thy yearning pity for mankind,
Thy burning charity.

- 2 In me thy Spirit dwell!
 In me thy mercy move!
 So shall the fervor of my zeal
 Be the pure flame of love.

Rejoicing in Christ.

- 1 SWEET thy memory, Saviour blest,
 In the true believer's breast:
 Musing on thy precious name,
 Purest joys his heart inflame.
- 2 By the ear or tuneful tongue
 Nought so sweet is heard or sung;
 Nought the mind can dwell upon
 Sweet as God's beloved Son.
- 3 Thou the contrite sinner's stay,
 Who thy goodness can display?
 How to those who seek thee kind!
 What, ah, what to those who find?
- 4 Tongue can speak not their delight,
 Nor can pen of man indite;
 None can know, but they who prove,
 What it is their Lord to love.

267

L. M.

BOWRING.

Progress of Gospel Truth.

- 1 UPON the gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine ;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.
- 2 Truth, strengthened by the strength of thought,
Pours inexhaustible supplies,
Whence sagest teachers may be taught,
And Wisdom's self become more wise.
- 3 More glorious still as centuries roll,
New regions blessed, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its waters shall o'erflow the world ;
- 4 Flow to restore, but not destroy ;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps each lingering mist away.

Inward Religion.

268

S. M. METHODIST COL.

Prayer.

- 1 THE praying spirit breathe,
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart:
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts opprest;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

- 2 Swift to my rescue come,
Thy own this moment seize;
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:
Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

269

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

What is Prayer?

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try,
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
The watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"
- 6 In prayer, on earth, the saints are one;
They're one in word and mind;
When with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;
Lord, teach us how to pray !

270

C. M.

H. H. MILMAN.

Praying for Divine Help.

- 1 O HELP us, Lord ! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give ;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.
- 2 O help us, when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore,
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.
- 3 O help us, through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.
- 4 O help us, Father ! from on high ;
We know no help but thee ;
O ! help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

271

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Preparation of the Heart.

- 1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear:
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.
- 2 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and wo,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go?
- 3 God of all grace, we come to thee,
With broken, contrite hearts;
Give what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts.
- 4 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong desiring confidence,
To hear thy voice and live;
- 5 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay.
- 6 Give these, — and then thy will be done;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

272

L. M. 6 l.

ANONYMOUS.

The Gospel adapted to Give Peace and Rest.

- 1 PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Reveals thy weight of inward wo ;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow :
Behold the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.
- 2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed,
Unburden here thy weighty load ;
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
And trust the mercy of thy God :
Thy God 's thy Saviour — glorious word !
Forever love and praise the Lord.

273

7s. M.

J. TAYLOR.

Sins Confessed and Mourned.

- 1 God of mercy, God of love,
Hear our sad repentant song ;
Sorrow dwells on every face,
Penitence on every tongue.
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent ;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent :

- 3 Foolish fears, and fond desires,
 Vain regrets for things as vain;
 Lips too seldom taught to praise,
 Oft to murmur and complain :
- 4 These, and every secret fault,
 Filled with grief and shame we own;
 Humbled, at thy feet we lie,
 Seeking pardon from thy throne.
- 5 God of mercy, God of grace,
 Hear our sad, repentant songs;
 O restore thy suppliant race,
 Thou to whom all praise belongs.

274

L. M.

ENFIELD.

Humility.

- 1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
 Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
 Lives but the insect of a day —
 O why should mortal man be proud?
- 2 His brightest visions just appear,
 Then vanish, and no more are found;
 The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
 A breath may level with the ground.
- 3 By doubt perplexed, in error lost,
 With trembling step he seeks his way:
 How vain of wisdom's gift the boast!
 Of reason's lamp, how faint the ray!

4 Follies, and sins, a countless sum,
 Are crowded in life's little span :
 How ill, alas! does pride become
 That erring, guilty creature, man!

5 God of my life! Father divine!
 Give me a meek and lowly mind:
 In modest worth, O let me shine,
 And peace, in humble virtue, find.

We Belong to God.

1 LET him, to whom we now belong,
 His sovereign right assert,
 And take up every thankful song,
 And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
 Who bought us with a price ;
 The Christian lives to God alone,
 To God alone he dies!

3 Father, thine own at last receive,
 Fulfil our hearts' desire,
 And let us to thy glory live,
 And in thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign ;
 With joy we render thee
 Our all, no longer ours, but thine
 To all eternity.

276

S. M. METHODIST COL.

Self-Dedication.

- 1 LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.
- 2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to thee thy own;
And from this moment, live or die
To serve my God alone.

277

7s. M. METHODIST COL.

Simplicity of Heart.

- 1 LORD, that I may learn of thee,
Give me true simplicity;
Wean my soul, and keep it low,
Willing thee alone to know.
- 2 Let me cast my reeds aside,
All that feeds my knowing pride;
Not to man, but God submit,
Lay my reasonings at thy feet:
- 3 Of my boasted wisdom spoiled,
Docile, helpless as a child;
Only seeing in thy light,
Only walking in thy might.

- 4 Then infuse the teaching grace,
 Spirit of truth and righteousness;
 Knowledge, love divine, impart,
 Life eternal to my heart.

God our Hope.

- 1 CENTRE of our hopes thou art,
 End of our enlarged desires;
 Stamp thine image on our heart;
 Fill us now with heavenly fires —
 Cemented by love divine,
 Seal our souls forever thine.
- 2 All our works in thee be wrought,
 Levelled at one common aim;
 Every word, and every thought,
 Purge in the refining flame:
 Lead us, through the paths of peace,
 On to perfect holiness.
- 3 Let us all together rise,
 To thy glorious life restored;
 Here regain our paradise,
 Here prepare to meet our Lord,
 Here enjoy the earnest given,
 Travel hand in hand to heaven!

279

L. M. 6 l. METHODIST COL.

Seeking Forgiveness.

- 1 FORGIVE us, for thy mercy's sake,
 Our multitude of sins forgive ;
 And for thy own, possession take,
 And bid us to thy glory live ;
 Live in thy sight, and gladly prove
 Our faith by our obedient love.
- 2 The cov'nant of forgiveness seal,
 And all thy mighty wonders show !
 Our hidden enemies expel,
 And conquering them to conquer go,
 Till all of pride and wrath be slain,
 And not one evil thought remain !
- 3 O put it in our inward parts,
 The living law of perfect love !
 Write the new precept in our hearts :
 We shall not then from thee remove,
 Who in thy glorious image shine,
 Thy people, and forever thine !

280

L. M. 6 l. METHODIST COL.

Servant of God.

- 1 BEHOLD, the servant of the Lord !
 I wait thy guiding eye to feel,
 To hear and keep thy every word,
 To prove and do thy perfect will ;

Joyful from my own works to cease,
Glad to fulfil all righteousness.

- 2 Me, if thy grace vouchsafe to use,
Weakest of all thy creatures, me,
The deed, the time, the manner choose ;
Let all my fruit be found of thee ;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
By thee to full perfection brought.
- 3 My every weak, though good design,
O'errule, or change, as seems most meet ;
Father, let all my work be thine !
My work, O Lord, be all complete,
And pleasing in my Father's sight ;
Thou only doest all things right.
- 4 Here then, to thee, thy own I leave ;
Mould as thou wilt thy passive clay :
But let me all thy stamp receive,
But let me all thy words obey ;
Serve with a single heart and eye,
And to thy glory live and die.

For Christian Principles.

- 1 MY God, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.

Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do ;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill ;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly ;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name ;
A zealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise ;
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.

5 I rest upon thy word ;
 The promise is for me :
 My succour and salvation, Lord,
 Shall surely come from thee :
 But let me still abide,
 Nor from my hope remove,
 Till thou my patient spirit guide
 Into thy perfect love.

282

L. M. 6 l. METHODIST COL.

Praying for Repentance.

- 1 FATHER of lights, from whom proceeds
 Whate'er thy every creature needs ;
 Whose goodness, providently nigh,
 Feeds the young ravens when they cry ;
 To thee I look, my heart prepare ;
 Suggest and hearken to my prayer.
- 2 Since by thy light myself I see
 Naked, and poor, and void of thee,
 Thy eyes must all my thoughts survey,
 Preventing what my lips would say ;
 Thou seest my wants, for help they call,
 And, ere I speak, thou know'st them all.
- 3 Thou know'st the weakness of my mind,
 Wayward, and impotent, and blind ;
 Thou know'st how unsubdued my will,
 Averse from good, and prone to ill ;
 Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,
 Nor checked by fear, nor charmed by love.

4 Ah! give me, Lord, myself to feel;
 My utter misery reveal:
 Ah! give me, Lord, (I still would say,)
 A heart to mourn, a heart to pray:
 My business this, my only care,
 My life, my every breath, be prayer!

283

S. M. METHODIST COL.

Christian Wants.

- 1 I WANT a principle within
 Of jealous, godly fear;
 A sensibility of sin,
 A pain to feel it near.
 I want the first approach to feel
 Of pride, or fond desire;
 To catch the wand'ring of my will,
 And quench the kindling fire.
- 2 That I from thee no more may part,
 No more thy goodness grieve,
 The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
 The tender conscience, give.
 Quick as the apple of an eye,
 O God, my conscience make!
 Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
 And keep it still awake.
- 3 If to the right or left I stray,
 That moment, Lord, reprove;
 And let me weep my life away,
 For having grieved thy love.

O may the least omission pain
 My well-instructed soul;
 And drive me to the Love again,
 Which makes the wounded whole.

Formal Religion.

- 1 Long have I seemed to serve thee, Lord,
 With unavailing pain:
 Fasted and prayed, and read thy Word,
 And heard it preached in vain.
- 2 Oft did I with the assembly join,
 And near thine altar drew;
 A form of godliness was mine,
 The power I never knew.
- 3 I rested in the outward law;
 Nor knew its deep design:
 The length and breadth I never saw,
 And height, of love divine.
- 4 To please thee thus, at length I see,
 Vainly I hoped and strove:
 For what are outward things to thee,
 Unless they spring from love?
- 5 I see the perfect law requires
 Truth in the inward parts;
 Our full consent, our whole desires,
 Our undivided hearts.

6 But I of means have made my boast ;
 Of means an idol made ;
 The spirit in the letter lost,
 The substance in the shade.

7 Where am I now, or what my hope ?
 What can my weakness do ?
 Father, to thee my soul looks up :
 'Tis thou must make it new.

285

7s. M.

MERRICK.

Seeking a Clean Heart.

1 BLEST Instructor, from thy ways
 Who can tell how oft he strays ?
 Purge me from the guilt that lies
 Wrapt within my heart's disguise.

2 Let my tongue, from error free,
 Speak the words approved by thee ;
 To thy all-observing eyes,
 Let my thoughts accepted rise.

3 While I thus thy name adore,
 And thy healing grace implore,
 Blest Redeemer, bow thine ear,
 God, my strength, propitious hear.

286

C. M.

BEDDOME.

For Inward Truth.

- 1 AM I an Israelite indeed,
 Without a false disguise?
 Have I renounced my sins, and left
 My refuges of lies?
- 2 Say, does my heart unchanged remain,
 Or is it formed anew?
 What is the rule by which I walk,
 The object I pursue?
- 3 Cause me, O God of truth and grace,
 My real state to know;
 If I am wrong, O set me right!
 If right, preserve me so!

287

C. M.

METHODIST COL.

Seeking God.

- 1 TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
 While here o'er earth we rove:
 Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
 The kindling of thy love.
- 2 With thee conversing, we forget
 All time, and toil, and care;
 Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
 If thou, my God, art here.

- 3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
 And bid my heart rejoice ;
 My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
 And echo to thy voice.
- 4 Thou callest me to seek thy face :
 'Tis all I wish to seek ;
 To attend the whispers of thy grace.
 And hear thee inly speak.
- 5 Let this my every hour employ,
 Till I thy glory see !
 Enter into my Master's joy,
 And find my heaven in thee.

288

C. M.

COWPER.

Walking with God.

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame,
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
 When first I saw the Lord ?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and his Word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
 How sweet their memory still !
 But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill,

- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest!
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.

289

7s. M. 6 l.

MONTGOMERY.

The Soul Panting for God.

- 1 As the hart, with eager looks,
 Panteth for the water-brooks,
 So my soul, athirst for thee,
 Pants the living God to see;
 When, O, when, with filial fear,
 Lord, shall I to thee draw near?
- 2 Why art thou cast down, my soul?
 God, thy God, shall make thee whole;
 Why art thou disquieted?
 God shall lift thy fallen head,
 And his countenance benign
 Be the saving health of thine.

290

S. M.

FURNESS.

My Soul Panteth for God.

- 1 HERE is a world of doubt,
 A sorrowful abode;
 O, how my heart and flesh cry out
 For thee, the living God!

2 As for the water-brooks
 The hart, expiring, pants,
 So for my God my spirit looks,
 Yea, for his presence faints.

3 I know thy joys, O earth,
 The sweetness of thy cup;
 Oft have I mingled in thy mirth,
 And trusted in thy hope.

291

10s. M.

DR. JOHNSON.

Exploring Divine Light.

1 O THOU whose power o'er moving worlds presides
 Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides!
 On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
 And cheer the clouded mind with light divine!

2 'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
 With silent confidence, and holy rest;
 From thee, great God! we spring, to thee we tend,
 Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

292

7s. M.

METHODIST COL.

Seeking God.

1 LIGHT of Life, Seraphic Fire,
 Love Divine, thyself impart;
 Every fainting soul inspire;
 Shine in every drooping heart!

Every mournful sinner cheer ;
 Scatter all our guilty gloom ;
 Love of God, appear, appear !
 To thy human temples come.

- 2 Come, in this accepted hour ;
 Bring thy heavenly kingdom in !
 Fill us with thy glorious power,
 Rooting out the seeds of sin :
 Nothing more can we require,
 We will covet nothing less ;
 Be thou all our heart's desire,
 All our joy, and all our peace !

For the Direction of God's Spirit.

- 1 LEADER of Israel's host, and guide
 Of all who seek the land above,
 Beneath thy shadow we abide,
 The cloud of thy protecting love ;
 Our strength thy grace, our rule thy Word,
 Our end the glory of the Lord.
- 2 By thine unerring Spirit led,
 We shall not in the desert stray ;
 We shall not full direction need,
 Nor miss our providential way ;
 As far from danger as from fear,
 While love, almighty love, is near.

294

L. M. G L.

C. WESLEY.

For the Influences of the Spirit.

- 1 I WANT the spirit of power within,
 Of love, and of a healthful mind;
 Of power to conquer every sin,
 Of love to God and all mankind;
 Of health that pain and death defies,
 Most vigorous when the body dies.
- 2 O that the Comforter would come,
 Nor visit as a transient guest,
 But fix in me his constant home,
 And keep possession of my breast;
 And make my soul his loved abode,
 The temple of indwelling God!

295

C. M.

WATTS.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.

3 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers ;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

296

L. M.

DRYDEN.

“Creator Spirit.”

- 1 OH! Source of uncreated light !
 By whom the worlds were raised from night ;
 Come, visit every pious mind ;
 Come, pour thy joys on human kind.
- 2 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
 Rich in thy matchless energy ;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make us temples worthy thee.
- 3 Cleanse and refine our earthly parts,
 In flame and sanctify our hearts,
 Our frailties help, our vice control,
 Submit the senses to the soul.
- 4 Thrice holy Fount ! thrice holy Fire !
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
 Make us eternal truths receive,
 Aid us to live as we believe.
- 5 Chase from our path each noxious foe,
 And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
 And, lest our feet should step astray,
 Protect and guide us in our way.

297

L. M.

BEDDOME.

Teachings of the Spirit.

- 1 COME, blessed Spirit, Source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.
- 2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy Word reveals;
Cause me to run the heavenly way;
The book unfold, unloose the seals.
- 3 Thine inward teachings make me know,
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The emptiness of things below,
The excellence of things above.
- 4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

298

L. M. 6 l. METHODIST COL.

Aspiration.

- 1 FATHER, thy boundless love to me,
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there:

Thine wholly, thine alone, I am ;
Be thou alone my constant flame !

- 2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone :
O may thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown ;
Strange flames far from my heart remove ;
My every act, word, thought, be love.
- 3 O Love, how cheering is thy ray !
All pain before thy presence flies ;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise :
O Father, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but thee !
- 4 Unwearied may I this pursue,
Dauntless to this high prize aspire ;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire ;
And day and night be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.
- 5 O that I, as a little child,
May follow thee, and never rest
Till sweetly thou hast breath'd a mild
And lowly mind into my breast ;
Nor ever may we parted be,
Till I become as one with thee.

- 6 Still let thy love point out my way!
 How wond'rous things thy love hath wrought!
 Still lead me, lest I go astray;
 Direct my word, inspire my thought;
 And if I fall, soon may I hear
 Thy voice, and know that love is near.
- 7 In suffering be thy love my peace;
 In weakness be thy love my power;
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Father, in that important hour,
 In death, as life, be thou my guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died.

299

L. M. 6 l. METHODIST COL.

Aspiration.

- 1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth, unfathom'd, no man knows;
 I see from far thy beauteous light,
 Inly I sigh for thy repose:
 My heart is pained, nor can it be
 At rest, till it finds rest in thee.
- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still
 The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;
 And fain I would; but though my will
 Seems fix'd, yet wide my passions rove;
 Yet hind'rances strew all the way;
 I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

- 3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee ;
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see ;
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend !
- 4 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share ?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there !
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.
- 5 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care ;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there :
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may " Abba, Father," cry.
- 6 Ah no ! ne'er will I backward turn ;
Thine wholly, thine alone I am ;
Thrice happy he who views with scorn
Earth's toys, — for thee his constant flame !
O help, that I may never move
From the blest footsteps of thy love.
- 7 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that lowly waits thy call ;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
" I am thy Love, thy God, thy All !"

To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

300

7 & 6s. M. METHODIST COL.

Aspiration.

1 GIVE me the enlarged desire
And open, Lord, my soul,
Thy own fulness to acquire,
And comprehend the whole:
Stretch my faith's capacity
Wider and yet wider still;
Then with all that is in thee
My soul forever fill!

301

7s. M. METHODIST COL.

Aspiration.

1 SINCE the Son hath made me free,
Let me taste my liberty;
Thee behold with open face,
Triumph in thy saving grace;
Thy great will delight to prove,
Glory in thy perfect love.

2 Abba, Father! hear thy child,
Late in Jesus reconciled;
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power,
All my Saviour asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.

- 3 Lord, I can not let thee go,
 Till the blessing thou bestow :
 Hear my Advocate Divine !
 Lo ! to his my suit I join ;
 Joined to his, it cannot fail :
 Bless me ; for I will prevail !
- 4 Heavenly Father, Life Divine,
 Change my nature into thine !
 Move and spread throughout my soul
 Actuate and fill the whole !
 Be it I no longer now
 Living in the flesh, but Thou.
- 5 Holy Ghost no more delay !
 Come, and in thy temple stay !
 Now thine inward witness bear,
 Strong, and permanent, and clear :
 Spring of Life, thyself impart :
 Rise eternal in my heart !

302

L. M. 61. METHODIST COL.

Love to God.

- 1 THEE will I love, my strength, my tower ;
 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;
 Thee will I love, with all my power,
 In all thy works, and thee alone :
 Thee will I love, till the pure fire
 Fills my whole soul with chaste desire.

- 2 Ah! why did I so late thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men?
Ah! why did I no sooner go
To thee, the only ease in pain?
Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn,
That I so late to thee did turn.
- 3 In darkness willingly I strayed;
I sought thee, yet from thee I roved;
Far wide my wand'ring thoughts were spread;
Thy creatures more than thee I loved:
And now if more at length I see,
'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.
- 4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.
- 5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way;
My soul and heart, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with thy heavenly light.
- 6 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires;

That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

- 7 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God,
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown,
Or smile,— thy sceptre, or thy rod:
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day!

303

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Soul Returning to God.

- 1 RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,
From vain pursuits and maddening cares;
From lonely woes that wring thy breast,
The world's allurements, toils and snares.
- 2 Return unto thy rest, my soul,
From all the wanderings of thy thought;
From sickness unto death made whole;
Safe through a thousand perils brought.
- 3 Then to thy rest, my soul, return,
From passions every hour at strife;
Sin's works, and ways, and wages spurn,
Lay hold upon eternal life.
- 4 God is thy rest;— with heart inclined
To keep his word, that word believe;
Christ is thy rest;— with lowly mind,
His light and easy yoke receive.

304

7 & 6s. M. METHODIST COL.

Quiet Religion.

1 OPEN, Lord, my inward ear,
 And bid my heart rejoice ;
 Bid my quiet spirit hear
 The comfort of thy voice ;
 Never in the whirlwind found,
 Or where earthquakes rock the place,
 Still and silent is the sound,
 The whisper of thy grace.

2 From the world of sin, and noise,
 And hurry, I withdraw ;
 For the small and inward voice
 I wait with humble awe ;
 Silent am I now and still,
 Dare not in thy presence move ;
 To my waiting soul reveal
 The secret of thy love.

305

L. M.

WATTS.

Retirement and Meditation.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
 A stranger to myself and thee :
 Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
 Forgetful of my highest love.

- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
 And thus debase my heavenly birth?
 Why should I cleave to things below,
 And let my God, my Saviour, go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense:
 One sovereign word can draw me thence:
 I would obey the voice divine,
 And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
 Let noise and vanity be gone:
 In secret silence of the mind,
 My heaven, and there my God, I find.

306

C. M.

COWPER.

Religious Retirement.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord! I flee,
 From strife and tumult far;
 From scenes, where sin is waging still
 Its most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With prayer and praise agree;
 And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made
 For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode;
 O with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God.

- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
 Her solitary lays ;
 Nor asks a witness of her song,
 Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life,
 Sweet source of light divine,
 And all harmonious names in one,
 My Father — thou art mine !

307

C. M.

MOORE.

Heaven Desired.

- 1 THE dove, let loose in Eastern skies,
 Returning fondly home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies,
 Where idler warblers roam ; —
- 2 But high she shoots through air and light —
 Above all low delay,
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
 Nor shadow dims her way.
- 3 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
 Of sinful passion free,
 Aloft, through faith's serener air
 To urge my course to thee ;
- 4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
 My soul, as home she springs ;
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy freedom on her wings.

308

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Preparation for Heaven.

- 1 HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin,
But all who hope to enter there,
Must here that holy course begin,
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.
- 2 Clean hearts, O God, in us create,
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew ;
Commence we now that higher state,
Now do thy will as angels do.
- 3 In Jesus' footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of his love ;
And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below to heaven above.

309

C. M.

WATTS.

The Hope of Heaven our Support.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all —

- 3 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest;
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

310

7s. M.

METHODIST COL.

Inward Hymns.

- 1 HEAVENLY Father, sovereign Lord,
 Ever faithful to thy word,
 We have felt thy mercy too;
 We, O Lord! have found thee true!
 See, these barren souls of ours
 Bloom, and put forth fruits and flowers,
 Flowers of Eden, fruits of grace,
 Peace and joy and righteousness.
- 2 Hark! the wastes have found a voice,
 Lonely deserts now rejoice!
 Gladsome hallelujahs sing;
 All around with praises ring!
 Blind we were, but now we see:
 Deaf; we hearken now to thee:
 Dumb; for thee our tongues employ:
 Lame; and lo! we leap for joy.
- 3 Faint we were, and parched with drought,
 Water, at thy word, gushed out:
 Streams of grace our thirst repress—
 Starting from the wilderness.

Still we long thy grace to know —
Here, forever, let it flow ;
Lead us in the way of peace,
In the path of righteousness.

4 There the simple cannot stray ;
Babes, though blind, may find the way,
Find, nor ever thence depart,
Safe in lowliness of heart ;
Far from fear, from danger far ;
No devouring beast is there ;
There the humble walks secure,
God hath made his footsteps sure.

5 Come, and all our sorrows chase,
Wipe the tears from every face ;
Gladness let us now obtain,
Partners of thine endless reign.
Death, the latest foe, destroy ;
Sorrow then shall yield to joy ;
Gloomy grief shall flee away,
Swallowed up in endless day.

Outward Religion.

311

L. M.

WATTS.

Religion Expressed in Life.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour, God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride,
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,

The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

312

C. M.

WATTS.

Christian Warfare.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross?
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?
Whilst others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through stormy seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must not I stem the flood?
Is this low world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

313

C. M.

GISBORNE.

The Christian's Life.

- 1 A SOLDIER'S course, from battles won
 To new commencing strife :
 A pilgrim's, restless as the sun ;—
 Behold the Christian's life !
- 2 The hosts of darkness pant for spoil —
 How can our warfare close ? —
 Lonely we tread a foreign soil —
 How can we hope repose ?
- 3 O ! let us seek our heavenly home,
 Revealed in sacred lore ;
 The land whence pilgrims never roam,
 Where soldiers war no more ;
- 4 Where grief shall never wound, nor death,
 Beneath the Saviour's reign ;
 Nor sin, with pestilential breath,
 His holy realm profane ;
- 5 The land where, suns and moons unknown,
 And night's alternate sway,
 Jehovah's ever-burning throne
 Upholds unbroken day ;

- 6 Where they who meet shall never part ;
 Where grace achieves its plan ;
 And God, uniting every heart,
 Dwells face to face with man.

314

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Christian Race.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigor on :
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey :
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high ;
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye ;—
- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
 Which shall new lustre boast,
 When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
 Shall blend in common dust.

315

L. M.

WATTS.

The Christian Race.

- 1 AWAKE, our souls, away, our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone!
Awake and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

316

L. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

The Christian Warfare.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.
- 2 Here giant danger threatening stands,
Mustering his pale, terrific bands;
There pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.
- 3 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 4 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all; guard every part;
But most, the traitor in thy heart.
- 5 Come then, my soul! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armor from above,
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.
- 6 The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell;
The Man of Calvary triumphed here;—
Why should his faithful followers fear?

317

7s. M.

J. TAYLOR.

Good Works.

- 1 FATHER of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind,
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfined:
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.

- 2 Lord, what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed;
Sympathy, at whose control,
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;

- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind,
Charity, with liberal store:
Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to thee, and all mankind.

318

L. M.

DRUMMOND.

Faith without Works is Dead.

- 1 As body when the soul has fled,
As barren trees, decayed and dead,
Is faith; a hopeless, lifeless thing,
If not of righteous deeds the spring.
- 2 One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
Than lifted eye or bended knee.

319

C. M.

SMART.

Prudence and Wisdom.

- 1 FATHER of light, conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road;
Let each advancing step still bring
Me nearer to my God.
- 2 Let heaven-eyed prudence be my guide;
And when I go astray,
Recall my feet from folly's path,
To wisdom's better way.
- 2 Teach me in every various scene
To keep my end in sight;
And while I tread life's mazy track;
Let wisdom guide me right.

- 4 That heavenly wisdom from above
 Abundantly impart;
 And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
 And penetrate my heart;
- 5 Till it shall lead me to thyself,
 Fountain of bliss and love!
 And all my darkness be dispersed
 In endless light above.

320

C. M.

POPE.

The Universal Prayer.

- 1 FATHER of all! in every age,
 In every clime, adored,
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!—
- 2 Thou great First Cause, least understood,
 Who all my sense confined
 To know but this,—that thou art good,
 And that myself am blind;—
- 3 What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This teach me more than hell to shun,
 That more than heaven pursue.
- 4 Yet not to earth's contracted span
 Thy goodness let me bound,
 Or think thee Lord alone of man,
 When thousand worlds are round.

- 5 If I am right, thy grace impart
 Still in the right to stay ;
 If I am wrong, O teach my heart
 To find that better way.
- 6 Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent
 At aught thy wisdom has denied,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.
- 7 Teach me to feel another's wo,
 To hide the fault I see ;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.
- 8 This day be bread and peace my lot :
 All else, beneath the sun
 Thou know'st if best bestowed or not ;
 And let thy will be done.
- 9 To thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
 One chorus let all being raise !
 All nature's incense rise !

321

L. M.

SCOTT.

Forms Vain without Virtue.

- 1 THE uplifted eye, and bended knee,
 Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee :
 In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
 The heart a stranger to the song.

- 2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal?
Or fasts and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile?
- 3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Sincere, and to thy will resigned,
To thee a nobler offering yields,
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields.

322

S. M.

HERBERT.

Doing all to the Glory of God.

- 1 TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in any thing,
'To do it as for thee!
- 2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do be thou the way,—
In all be thou the end.
- 3 All may of thee partake:
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.
- 4 If done beneath thy laws,
Even servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

323

C. M.

WESLEY'S COL.

Thy Kingdom Come.

- 1 FATHER of me and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love.
- 2 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man :
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,
In all our bosoms reign.
- 3 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin ;
The joy that human thought transcends,
Into our souls bring in.
- 4 The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove ;
The perfect powers of Godliness,
The omnipotence of Love.

324

L. M.

HEBER.

“Why stand ye idle.”

- 1 THE God of glory walks his round,
From day to day, from year to year,
And warns us each, with awful sound,
“No longer stand ye idle here !

- 2 "Ye, whose young cheeks are rosy-bright,
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear,
Waste not of hope the morning light!
Ah, fools, why stand ye idle here?"
- 3 "O, if the griefs ye would assuage
That wait on life's declining year,
Secure a blessing for your age,
And work your Maker's business here!"
- 4 "And ye, whose locks of scanty gray
Foretell your latest travail near,
How swiftly fades your worthless day!
And stand ye yet so idle here?"
- 5 O Thou, by all thy works adored,
To whom the sinner's soul is dear,
Recall us to thy vineyard, Lord,
And grant us grace to please thee here!

325

L. M.

HENRY MOORE.

Wisdom and Virtue sought from God.

- 1 SUPREME and universal light!
Fountain of reason! Judge of right!
Parent of good! whose blessings flow
On all above and all below;—
- 2 Assist us, Lord, to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree;
Worthy that intellectual flame,
Which from thy breathing spirit came.

- 3 May our expanded souls disclaim
 The narrow view, the selfish aim,
 But with a Christian zeal embrace
 Whate'er is friendly to our race.
- 4 O Father, grace and virtue grant ;
 No more we wish, no more we want :
 To know, to serve thee, and to love,
 Is peace below, — is bliss above.

326

L. M.

HENRY MOORE.

For Steadiness of Principle.

- 1 AMIDST a world of hopes and fears,
 A wild of cares, and toils, and tears,
 Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
 And pleasures kill, and glories cheat, —
- 2 Shed down, O Lord, a heavenly ray,
 To guide me in the doubtful way ;
 And o'er me hold thy shield of power,
 To guard me in the dangerous hour.
- 3 Teach me the flattering paths to shun,
 In which the thoughtless many run,
 Who for a shade the substance miss,
 And grasp their ruin in their bliss.
- 4 May never pleasure, wealth, or pride,
 Allure my wandering soul aside,
 But, through this maze of mortal ill,
 Safe lead me to thy heavenly hill.

327

L. M.

SCOTT.

Charitable Judgment.

- 1 ALL-SEEING God! 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.
- 2 Who among men, great Lord of all,
Thy servant to his bar shall call?
Judge him, for modes of faith, thy foe,
And doom him to the realms of wo?
- 3 Who with another's eye can read?
Or worship by another's creed?
Trusting thy grace, we form our own,
And bow to thy commands alone.
- 4 If wrong, correct; accept, if right;
While faithful, we improve our light,
Condemning none, but zealous still
To learn and follow all thy will.

328

C. M.

NEEDHAM.

Moderation.

- 1 HAPPY the man, whose cautious steps
Still keep the golden mean;
Whose life, by wisdom's rules well formed,
Declares a conscience clean.

- 2 To sect or party his large soul
 Disdains to be confined ;
 The good he loves of every name,
 And prays for all mankind.
- 3 His business is to keep his heart ;
 Each passion to control ;
 Nobly ambitious well to rule
 The empire of his soul.
- 4 Not on the world his heart is set,
 His treasure is above ;
 Nothing beneath the sovereign good
 Can claim his highest love.

329

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Watching, Prayer, and Perseverance.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify ;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky ;
 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil :
 O may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will !
- 2 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live ;
 And, O ! thy servant, Lord, prepare
 The strict account to give :

Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely:
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forsaken die.

330

L. M.

J. TAYLOR.

True Length of Life.

- 1 LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze, their forms are gone.
- 2 "He lived, — he died;" behold the sum,
The abstract of the historian's page!
Alike in God's all-seeing eye,
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.
- 3 O Father! in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie,
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly;
- 4 To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds;
So shall we wake from death's dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

For *Wolincss.*

- 1 THE thing my God doth hate
 That I no more may do,
 Thy creature, Lord, again create,
 And all my soul renew:
 My soul shall then, like thine,
 Abhor the thing unclean,
 And, sanctified by love divine,
 Forever cease from sin.
- 2 That blessed law of thine,
 Father, to me impart;
 The Spirit's law of life divine,
 O write it in my heart!
 Implant it deep within,
 Whence it may ne'er remove,
 The law of liberty from sin,
 The perfect law of love.
- 3 Thy nature be my law,
 Thy spotless sanctity,
 And sweetly every moment draw
 My happy soul to thee.
 Soul of my soul remain!
 Who didst for all fulfil,
 In me, O Lord, fulfil again
 My heavenly Father's will.

PART III.

Miscellaneous Subjects.

332

S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Baptism of a Child.

- 1 To thee, O God in Heaven,
This little one we bring,
Giving to thee what thou hast given,
Our dearest offering.

- 2 Into a world of toil
These little feet will roam,
Where sin its purity may soil,
Where care and grief may come.

- 3 O then, let thy pure love,
With influence serene,
Come down, like water, from above
To comfort and make clean.

333

S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Baptism of Children.

- 1 To Him who children blessed,
 And suffered them to come,
 To Him who took them to his breast
 * We bring these children home.
- 2 To thee, O God, whose face,
 Their spirits still behold,
 We bring them, praying that thy grace
 May keep, thine arms enfold.
- 3 And as this water falls
 On each unconscious brow,
 Thy holy spirit grant, O Lord!
 To keep them pure as now.

334

C. M.

EMILY TAYLOR.

Outward and Inward Life.

- 1 THERE 's life abroad ;— from each green tree
 A busy murmur swells ;
 The bee is up at early dawn
 Stirring the cowslip-bells.
 There 's motion in the lightest leaf
 That trembles on the stream ;
 The insect scarce an instant rests,
 Light dancing in the beam.

- 2 All speak of life ; and louder still
 The spirit speaks within,
 O'erpowering, with its strong, deep voice,
 The world's incessant din :
 There 's life without ; and, better far,
 Within there 's life and power,
 And liberty of heart and mind
 To love, believe, adore.

335

L. M.

JUNG STILLING.

God's Guidance.

- 1 THOU, who upon the eternal throne,
 Dost weigh the fates of all below,
 And ever wear'st the radiant crown
 Of worlds unnumbered round thy brow :
 Thy wisdom formed the plan sublime
 Of what man's future course shall be ;
 The path didst shew which I must climb
 To reach my final destiny.
- 2 Till then let power Divine protect,
 And heavenly peace my spirit cheer,
 My footsteps here below direct,
 Till I before thy face appear.
 The present seed I now shall sow
 To ripen for eternity,
 O let it to perfection grow,
 Then take thy pilgrim home to thee.

336

L. M. HYMNS AND ANTHEMS.

Night.

- 1 O'ER silent field, and lonely lawn,
Her dusky mantle night hath drawn;
At twilight's holy, heartfelt hour,
In man his better soul hath power.
- 2 The passions are at peace within,
And still each stormy thought of sin —
The yielding bosom overawed,
Breathes love to man and love to God.

337

8 & 7s. M.

R. ROBINSON.

God the Creator.

- 1 MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,
May an infant lisp thy name!
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.
- 2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise:
- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature —
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power —
Works with skill and kindness wrought:

- 4 For thy providence that governs
 Through thine empire's wide domain ;
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow, —
 Blessed be thy gentle reign.

338

7s. M. SARAH F. ADAMS.

Dews and Tears.

- 1 GENTLY fall the dews of eve,
 Raising still the languid flowers ;
 Sweetly flow the tears that grieve
 O'er a mourner's stricken hours.
- 2 Blessed tears and dews that yet
 Lift us nearer unto heaven !
 Let us still His praise repeat,
 Who in mercy all hath given.

339

C. M. BUNYAN.

Humility and Contentment.

- 1 HE that is down need fear no fall,
 He that is low no pride ;
 He that is humble ever shall
 Have God to be his guide.
- 2 Fulness to such, a burden is,
 That go on pilgrimage ;
 Here little, and hereafter bliss,
 Is best from age to age.

340

7s. M.

ST. GREGORY.

Day and Night.

- 1 SOURCE of light and life divine !
 Thou didst cause the light to shine ;
 Thou didst bring thy sunbeams forth
 O'er thy new-created earth.
- 2 Shade of night, and morning ray,
 Took from thee the name of day :
 Now again the shades are nigh
 Listen to our mournful cry.
- 3 May we ne'er, by guilt depressed,
 Lose the way to endless rest ;
 May no thoughts, corrupt and vain,
 Draw our souls to earth again.
- 4 Rather lift them to the skies,
 Where our much-loved treasure lies ;
 Help us in our daily strife,
 Make us struggle into life.

341

C. M.

H. MARTINEAU.

All Men are Equal.

- 1 ALL men are equal in their birth,
 Heirs of the earth and skies ;
 All men are equal when that earth
 Fades from their dying eyes.

- 2 God meets the throngs who pay their vows
 In courts their hands have made ;
 And hears the worshipper who bows
 Beneath the plantain-shade.
- 3 'Tis man alone who difference sees,
 And speaks of high and low,
 And worships those, and tramples these,
 While the same path they go.
- 4 O, let man hasten to restore
 To all their rights of love ;
 In power and wealth exult no more ;
 In wisdom lowly move.
- 5 Ye great ! renounce your earth-born pride ;
 Ye low ! your shame and fear :
 Live, as ye worship, side by side ;
 Your brotherhood revere.

342

7s. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

A Christian's Joy.

- 1 Joy there is, that, seated deep,
 Leaves not when we sigh or weep ;
 Spreads itself in virtuous deeds,
 Sighs for wo, in pity bleeds.
- 2 Stern and awful are its tones
 When the patriot-martyr groans,
 And the death-pulse beating high
 Rapture blends with agony.

3 Tenderer is the form it wears,
 Touched with love, dissolved in tears,
 When the meek their Saviour greet,
 Bending at the mercy-seat.

343

C. M.

PEABODY.

A Christian's Death.

- 1 BEHOLD the western evening light —
 It melts in deeper gloom ;
 So calm the righteous sink away,
 Descending to the tomb.
 The winds breathe low, — the yellow leaf
 Scarce whispers from the tree ;
 So gently flows the parting breath
 When good men cease to be.
- 2 How beautiful, on all the hills,
 The crimson light is shed !
 'Tis like the peace the dying gives
 To mourners round his bed.
 How mildly on the wandering cloud
 The sunset beam is cast !
 So sweet the memory left behind,
 When loved ones breathe their last.
- 3 And lo ! above the dews of night
 The vesper-star appears !
 So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
 Whose eyes are dim with tears.

Night falls, but soon the morning light
 Its glories shall restore ;
 And thus the eyes that sleep in death
 Shall wake to close no more.

344

C. M.

DALE.

Happy Death of a Christian.

- 1 DEAR as thou wert, and justly dear,
 We would not weep for thee ;
 One thought shall check the starting tear, —
 It is — that thou art free.
- 2 And thus shall faith's consoling power
 The tears of love restrain ;
 O! who that saw thy parting hour
 Could wish thee here again!
- 3 Gently the passing spirit fled,
 Sustained by grace divine :
 O may such grace on us be shed,
 And make our end like thine.

345

L. M.

W. J. Fox.

Triumph of Truth and Goodness.

- 1 THE sage his cup of hemlock quaffed,
 And calmly drained the fatal draught :
 Such pledge did Grecian justice give
 To one who taught them how to live.

- 2 The Christ, in piety assured,
 The anguish of his cross endured :
 Such pangs did Jewish bigots try
 On him who taught us how to die.
- 3 Mid prison-walls, the sage could trust
 That men would grow more wise and just ;
 From Calvary's mount, the Christ could see
 The dawn of immortality.
- 4 Who know to live, and know to die,
 Their souls are safe, their triumph nigh :
 Power may oppress, and priestcraft ban ;
 Justice and faith are God in man.

346

7s. M.

BEAUMONT.

Inward Peace.

- 1 As earth's pageant passes by,
 Let reflection turn thine eye
 Inward, and observe thy breast ;
 There alone dwells solid rest.
- 6 That 's a close immured tower,
 Which can mock all hostile power ;
 To thyself a tenant be,
 And inhabit safe and free.
- 3 Say not that this house is small,
 Girt up in a narrow wall ;
 In a cleanly, sober mind,
 Heaven itself full room doth find.

- 4 The infinite Creator can
Dwell in it ; and may not man ?
Here, content, make thy abode
With thyself and with thy God.

347

7s. M.

BEAUMONT.

Hope.

- 1 HOPE, though slow she be, and late,
Yet outruns swift time and fate ;
And aforehand loves to be
With most remote futurity.

- 2 Hope is comfort in distress ;
Hope is in misfortune bliss ;
Hope, in sorrow, is delight ;
Hope is day in darkest night.

- 3 Hope casts anchor upward, where
Storms durst never domineer ;
Trust ; and Hope will welcome thee
From storms to full security.

348

L. M. G l. SARAH F. ADAMS.

Thy Will be Done.

- 1 HE sendeth sun, he sendeth shower,
Alike they 're needful for the flower ;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.

As comes to me or cloud or sun,
 Father! thy will, not mine, be done.

2 Can loving children e'er reprove
 With murmurs, whom they trust and love?
 Creator! I would ever be
 A trusting, loving child to thee:
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,
 Father! thy will, not mine, be done.

3 O! ne'er will I at life repine —
 Enough that thou hast made it mine.
 When falls the shadow cold of death,
 I yet will sing with parting breath,
 As comes to me or shade or sun,
 Father! thy will, not mine, be done.

Universal Worship.

1 THOUGH wandering in a stranger-land,
 Though on the waste no altar stand,
 Take comfort! thou art not alone,
 While Faith hath marked thee for her own.

2 Would'st thou a temple? look above,
 The heavens stretch over all in love:
 A book? for thine evangel scan
 The wondrous history of man.

- 3 And though no organ-peal be heard,
 In harmony the winds are stirred;
 And there the morning stars upraise
 Their ancient songs of deathless praise.

350

C. M.

ROBERT NICOLL.

Honor all Men.

- 1 I MAY not scorn the meanest thing
 That on the earth doth crawl;
 The slave who dares not burst his chain,
 The tyrant in his hall.
- 2 The vile oppressor who hath made
 The widowed mother mourn,
 Though worthless, soulless, he may stand,
 I cannot, dare not scorn.
- 3 The darkest night that shrouds the sky
 Of beauty hath a share;
 The blackest heart hath signs to tell
 That God still lingers there.

351

C. M.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

Past and Future.

- 1 O HALLOWED memories of the past,
 Ye legends old and fair,
 Still be your light upon us cast,
 Your music on the air.

- 2 For hearts the beautiful that feel,
 Whose pulse of love beats strong,
 The opening heavens new light reveal,
 Glory to God, their song.
- 3 And while from out our dying dust
 Light more than life doth stream,
 We bless the faith that bids us trust
 The heaven that we dream.
- 4 Then, hallowed memories of the past,
 Or legends old and fair,
 Still be your light upon us cast,
 Your music on the air.

352

S. M.

W. J. Fox.

Truth never Dies.

- 1 ONCE in the busy streets
 Did Wisdom cry aloud;
 And then she perished, mid the scoffs
 Of the misguided crowd.
- 2 Once in the quiet grove
 Did Wisdom's accents charm;
 And then she perished by the blows
 Of Conquest's iron arm.
- 3 But ever, in the skies,
 In earth, and sea, and air,
 Does Wisdom teach the human heart,
 And none can crush her there.

- 4 Systems and teachers change,
 They flourish and decay;
 But ne'er from Nature's truth and love
 Shall Wisdom pass away.

353

L. M. 6 l.

MRS. HEMANS.

The Nameless Martyrs.

- 1 THE kings of old have shrine and tomb
 In many a minster's haughty gloom;
 And green, along the ocean side,
 The mounds arise where heroes died;
 But shew me on thy flowery breast,
 Earth! where thy nameless martyrs rest!
- 2 The thousands that uncheered by praise,
 Have made one offering of their days;
 For truth, for heaven, for freedom's sake,
 Resigned the bitter cup to take;
 And silently, in fearless faith,
 Bowing their noble souls to death.
- 3 Where sleep they? Woods and sounding waves
 Are silent of those hidden graves;
 Yet what if no light footstep there
 In pilgrim-love and awe repair —
 They sleep in secret; but their sod,
 Unknown to man, is marked of God!

354

C. M. SARAH F. ADAMS.

Hope never Dies.

- 1 THE world may change from old to new,
 From new to old again ;
 Yet hope and heaven, forever true,
 Within man's heart remain.
 The dreams that bless the weary soul,
 The struggles of the strong,
 Are steps towards some happy goal,
 The story of hope's song.
- 2 Hope leads the child to plant the flower,
 The man to sow the seed ;
 Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour, —
 But prompts again to deed.
 And ere upon the old man's dust
 The grass is seen to wave,
 We look through falling tears, — to trust
 Hope's sunshine on the grave.
- 3 O no ! it is no flattering lure,
 No fancy weak or fond ;
 When hope would bid us rest secure
 In better life beyond.
 Nor love, nor shame, nor grief, nor sin,
 Her promise may gainsay ;
 The voice divine hath spoke within,
 And God did ne'er betray.

355

7s. M.

W. J. Fox.

Purposes of Life.

- 1 NOT for false and fleeting joys,
Pleasure that while tasted cloy; ;
Not for self-inflicted wo
Did God place us here below :
- 2 But for wisdom, happiness,
Blessed life, and life to bless —
Love, the soul of deity,
And progress through eternity :
- 3 For cultured earth and conquered wave,
Fancy bright, and science grave,
Mind and heart with blending powers,
Building more than Eden's bowers ;
- 4 And for mutual love and aid,
Never weary nor dismayed,
Strength renewing, as we rise
Upward to unchanging skies.

Particular Metres.

356

P. M.

H. WARE, JUN.

Prayer at Morning and Evening.

- 1 To prayer, to prayer! for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes:
His light is on all below and above —
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
O, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

- 2 To prayer! for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on:
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose,
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of
night.

357

P. M. SPIRIT OF THE PS.

The Holy Ghost the Comforter.

- 1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless too.
- 3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.
- 5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.
- 6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee.

358

P. M.

HEBER.

Thrice Holy.

1 HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!

Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
 Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!

All thy works shall praise thy name in earth, sky
 and sea.

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,

Casting down their golden crowns around the
 glassy sea;

Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
 Which wert and art and evermore shall be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,

Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not
 see,

Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity!

359

6 & 5s. M.

SELECT HYMNS.

Reunion in Heaven.

1 WHEN shall we meet again?

Meet ne'er to sever?

When will Peace wreath her chain,

Round us forever?

- Our hearts will ne'er repose
 Safe from each blast that blows
 In this dark vale of woes —
 Never — no, Never!
- 2 When shall love freely flow,
 Pure as life's river?
 When shall sweet friendship glow,
 Changeless forever?
 Where joys celestial thrill,
 Where bliss each heart shall fill,
 And fears of parting chill —
 Never — no, Never!
- 3 Up to that world of light,
 Take us, dear Saviour;
 May we all there unite,
 Happy forever:
 Where kindred spirits dwell,
 There may our music swell,
 And time our joys dispel —
 Never — no, Never!
- 4 Soon shall we meet again —
 Meet ne'er to sever;
 Soon will Peace wreath her chain
 Round us forever:
 Our hearts will then repose
 Secure from worldly woes;
 Our songs of praise shall close
 Never — no, Never!

360

6s. M.

LUTHER.

The Death of Martyrs.

- 1 FLUNG to the heedless winds,
 Or on the waters cast,
 Their ashes shall be watched,
 And gathered at the last:
 And from that scattered dust,
 Around us and abroad,
 Shall spring a plenteous seed
 Of witnesses for God.
- 2 The Father hath received
 Their latest living breath;
 Yet vain is Satan's boast
 Of victory in their death:
 Still, still, though dead, they speak,
 And trumpet-tongued, proclaim
 To many a wakening land
 The one availing name.

361

6 & 5s. M.

ANON.

Seeking Protection.

- 1 O THOU who hearest prayer,
 Through his submission,
 Who did our sorrows bear,
 Hear our petition:

Lead us in thine own way;
 Grant us, we humbly pray,
 For all our sins this day,
 Holy contrition.

2 They shall lie down in peace,
 Lord, whom thou keepest;
 Thy mercies never cease;
 Thou never sleepest:
 Guard us till morning's ray,
 Bid us again essay,
 Who shall pour forth the lay,
 Loudest and deepest.

362

C. H. M.

CONDER.

Blessedness of Submission in Trials.

1 WHEN I can trust my all with God,
 In trial's fearful hour,
 Bow, all resigned, beneath his rod,
 And bless his sparing power,
 A joy springs up amid distress,
 A fountain in the wilderness.

2 O, to be brought to Jesus' feet,
 Though trials fix me there,
 Is still a privilege most sweet,
 For he will hear my prayer;
 Though sighs and tears its language be,
 The Lord is nigh to answer me.

3 O, blessed be the hand that gave, —
 Still blessed when it takes ;
 Blessed be he who smites to save, —
 Who heals the heart he breaks :
 Perfect and true are all his ways,
 Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

Looking unto Jesus.

1 THOU, who didst stoop below,
 To drain the cup of wo,
 And wear the form of frail mortality, —
 Thy blessed labors done,
 Thy crown of victory won, —
 Hast passed from earth — passed to thy home on high.

2 It was no path of flowers,
 Through this dark world of ours,
 Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread ;
 And shall we in dismay,
 Shrink from the narrow way,
 When clouds and darkness are around it spread ?

3 O Thou, who art our life,
 Be with us through the strife ;
 Thy own meek head by rudest storms was bowed ;
 Raise thou our eyes above,
 To see a Father's love
 Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

4 E'en through the awful gloom,
 Which hovers o'er the tomb,
 That light of love our guiding star shall be;
 Our spirits shall not dread
 The shadowy way to tread,
 Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to thee.

364

P. M.

BISHOP HEBER.

Evening Aspiration.

1 GOD that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light!
 Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest the night!
 May thine angel guards defend us,
 Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This livelong night!

365

11 & 8s. M.

EPIS. COL.

Thanksgiving and Praise in the Sanctuary.

1 BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth;
 O, serve him with gladness and fear;
 Exult in his presence with music and mirth;
 With love and devotion draw near.

2 Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
 Creator and Ruler o'er all;
 And we are his people; his sceptre we own;
 His sheep, and we follow his call.

- 3 O, enter his gates with thanksgiving and song ;
 Your vows in his temple proclaim ;
 His praise in melodious accordance prolong,
 And bless his adorable name.
- 4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
 And we are the work of his hand ;
 His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
 And shall to eternity stand.

366

P. M.

H. WARE, JR.

Easter Hymn.

- 1 LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
 For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die.
 Vain were the terrors that gathered around him,
 And short the dominion of death and the grave ;
 He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him,
 Resplendent in glory, to live and to save.
 Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
 The Saviour hath risen and man cannot die.
- 2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy ;
 The being he gave us, death cannot destroy.
 Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
 If tears were our birth-right, and death were our end ;
 But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
 And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
 Lift then your voices to triumph on high,
 For Jesus hath risen and man cannot die.

367

8 & 6s. M.

C. SMART.

The I AM.

- 1 WE sing of God, the mighty source
 Of all things, the stupendous force
 On which all things depend ;
 From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes
 All period, power, and enterprise
 Commence, and reign, and end.
- 2 The world, the clustering spheres, he made ;
 The glorious light, the soothing shade,
 Dale, champaign, grove and hill ;
 The multitudinous abyss,
 Where secrecy remains in bliss
 And wisdom hides her skill.
- 3 Tell them I AM, Jehovah said
 To Moses, while earth heard with dread ;
 And, smitten to the heart,
 At once above, beneath, around,
 All nature, without voice or sound,
 Replied, O Lord, THOU ART.

368

8 & 6s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

"Thy Will be Done."

- 1 MY God, my Father, while I stray
 Far from my home, on life's rough way,
 O, teach me from my heart to say,
 "Thy will, my God, be done."

- 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
 Let me be still, and murmur not,
 And breathe the prayer divinely taught,
 "Thy will, my God, be done."
- 3 If thou should'st call me to resign
 What most I prize — it ne'er was mine, —
 I only yield thee what is thine ;
 "Thy will, my God, be done."
- 4 Renew my will from day to day,
 Blend it with thine, and take away
 Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
 "Thy will, my God, be done."

Prayer of the Persecuted.

- 1 OH thou who dwell'st in the Heavens high
 Above the stars, and within yon sky ;
 Where the dazzling fields never needed light
 Of the sun by day or the moon by night :
- 2 Though shining millions around thee stand,
 For the sake of him, who 's at thy right hand,
 Oh ! think of those that have cost him so dear,
 Still chained in doubt, and in darkness here.
- 3 Our night is dreary, and dim our day ;
 And, if thou turnest thy face away,
 We are sinful, feeble, and helpless dust ;
 And have none to look to and none to trust.

4 The powers of darkness are all abroad,
 They own no Saviour, and fear no God ;
 And we are trembling in mute dismay,
 Oh turn not thou thy face away !

5 Thine aid, O mighty God, we crave,
 Not shortened is thine arm to save ;
 Afar from thee we now sojourn,
 Return to us, Oh God, return.

370

P. M. GEORGE HERBERT.

Trāisc.

1 KING of Glory, King of Peace,
 I will love thee ;
 And, that love may never cease,
 I will move thee.

2 Thou hast granted my request ;
 Thou hast heard me :
 Thou didst note my working breast ;
 Thou hast spared me.

3 Wherefore with my utmost art
 I will sing thee,
 And the cream of all my heart
 I will bring thee.

4 Though my sins against me cried,
 Thou didst clear me ;
 And alone, when they replied,
 Thou didst hear me.

5 Seven whole days, not one in seven,
 I will praise thee ;
 In my heart, though not in heaven,
 I can raise thee.

6 Small it is, in this poor sort
 To enroll thee :
 E'en eternity's too short
 To extol thee.

371

P. M. WARREN ST. COL.

Triumph.

- 1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness !
 Awake ! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more ;
 Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness,
 Arise ! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.
- 2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued
 them
 And scattered their legions, was mightier far ;
 They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued
 them,
 Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.
- 3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee
 Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be ;
 Shout ! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
 Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

372

8s. M.

HOGG.

God of Life.

2 BLESSED be thy name forever,
 Thou of life the Guard and Giver!
 Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,
 Heal the heart long broke with weeping:
 God of stillness and of motion,
 Of the desert and the ocean,
 Of the mountain, rock, and river,
 Blessed be thy name forever!

2 Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest,
 Blest are they thou kindly keepest.
 God of evening's parting ray,
 Of midnight gloom, and dawning day —
 That rises from the azure sea
 Like breathings of eternity;
 God of life! that fade shall never,
 Blessed be thy name forever!

373

10 & 9s. M.

LONGFELLOW.

The Flowers.

1 WONDROUS truths, and manifold as wondrous,
 God hath written in the stars above;
 But not less in the bright flowerets under us
 Stands the revelation of his love.

2 Bright and glorious is that revelation
 Written all over this great world of ours ;
 Making evident our own creation
 In these stars of earth, these golden flowers.

3 And with childlike, credulous affection,
 We behold their tender buds expand ;
 Emblems of our own great resurrection,
 Emblems of the bright and better land !

374

7 & 6s. M. CHRISTIAN BALLADS.

Our Country.

1 Now pray we for our country,
 Pray that it long may be
 The holy, and the happy,
 And the gloriously free !
 Who blesseth her is blessed !
 So peace be in her walls ;
 And joy in all her villages,
 Her cottages, and halls.

375

7 & 8s. M.

J. JOHNS.

Praise.

1 PRAISE to thee, all holy God,
 From the world, the race, thou rulest ;
 From the green earth's dewy sod :
 From the wayward hearts thou schoolest —

- 2 Teach us, glorious Being, still
 In our hearts to feel thy glory!
 Nature ever works thy will —
 May we read her gentle story.

376

P. M.

W. J. Fox.

True Worship.

- 1 GRACIOUS Power, the world pervading,
 Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
 We are met to worship thee;
 Not in formal adorations,
 Nor with servile deprecations,
 But in spirit true and free.
- 2 By thy wisdom mind is lighted,
 By thy love the heart excited,
 Light and love all flow from thee;
 And the soul of thought and feeling,
 In the voice thy praises pealing,
 Must thy noblest homage be.
- 3 Not alone in our devotion,
 In all being, life, and motion,
 We the present Godhead see:
 Gracious Power, the world pervading,
 Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
 We are met to worship thee.

377

P. M.

BOWRING.

To the One God.

- 1 ANCIENT of Ages! humbly bent before thee,
 Songs of glad homage, Lord! to thee we bring:
 Touched by thy spirit, O teach us to adore thee,
 Sole God and Father, everlasting King;
 Let thy light attend us,
 Let thy grace befriend us!
 Eternal, unrivalled, all-directing King!
- 2 Send forth thy mandate, gather in the nations,
 Through the wide universe thy name be known;
 Millions of voices shall join in adorations—
 Join to adore thee, Undivided One!
 Every soul invited,
 Every voice united—
 United to praise thee, Undivided One!

378

P. M. . SARAH F. ADAMS.

Nearer to God.

- 1 NEARER, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me:
 Still all my song would be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee—
 Nearer to thee!

- 2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to thee —
Nearer to thee !
- 3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven ;
All that thou send'st me,
In mercy given :
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee —
Nearer to thee !
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise :
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee —
Nearer to thee !
- 5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly :
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee —
Nearer to thee !

379

6 & 4s.

ANONYMOUS.

Ordaining a Western Missionary.

- 1 WHERE, for a thousand miles,
The sweet Ohio smiles,
 On bed of sand ;
Where prairies blossom broad,
Fair gardens sown by God,
And lakes their ocean-flood,
 Pour from his hand ;
- 2 Where sleep, in rest profound,
Beneath each ancient mound,
 A buried race ;
There, brother, go and teach ;
From heart to heart shall reach,
Thy free and earnest speech,
 Of heavenly grace.
- 3 Where the tall forest waves,
Above those mouldering graves,
 God's Truth declare ;
While his " first Temples " spread
Their arches o'er thy head,
Lift, o'er the slumbering dead,
 The voice of prayer.
- 4 While rolls the living tide,
Down Alleghany's side,
 Its ceaseless flood ;
Upon the mountains, there,
How beautiful appear,
The feet of those who bear,
 Tidings of good.

5 O thou, whose suns and rains,
 Upon those mighty plains,
 Fall evermore ;
 Send down the dews of peace,
 The sun of righteousness,
 And let thy light increase
 From shore to shore.

380

P. M.

FROM FENELON.

‡ Would be Thine.

1 LIVING or dying, Lord, I would be thine !
 O, what is life ?
 A toil, a strife,
 Were it not lighted by thy love divine.
 I ask not wealth,
 I crave not health —
 Living or dying, Lord, I would be thine !

2 O what is death,
 When the poor breath
 In parting can the soul to thee resign ;
 While patient love
 Her trust doth prove —
 Living or dying, Lord, I would be thine !

3 Throughout my days,
 Be constant praise
 Uplift to thee from out this heart of mine :
 So shall I be
 Brought nearer thee —
 Living or dying, Lord, I would be thine !

381

P. M.

W. J. Fox.

The Noble Dead.

- 1 CALL them from the dead
 For our eyes to see ;
 Prophet-bards, whose awful word
 Shook the earth, "Thus saith the Lord,"
 And made the idols flee —
 A glorious company!
- 2 Call them from the dead
 For our eyes to see :
 Sons of wisdom, song, and power,
 Giving earth her richest dower,
 And making nations free —
 A glorious company!
- 3 Call them from the dead
 For our eyes to see :
 Forms of beauty, love, and grace,
 "Sunshine in the shady place,"
 That made it life to be —
 A blessed company!
- 4 Call them from the dead —
 Vain the call will be ;
 But the hand of Death shall lay,
 Like that of Christ, its healing clay
 On eyes which then shall see
 That glorious company!

CHANTS.

CHANTS,

AND

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

REMARKS. — THE design, in appending to this Collection of Hymns a compilation of Chants, and Selections for Chanting, is, to furnish to congregations the means of joining in this most devotional style of sacred music; and, with this view, the chants inserted have been selected or composed rather with reference to simplicity and ease of performance, than to striking musical effect. No progressions, either of harmony or melody, have been admitted, except of a natural and easy kind, and the parts kept entirely *within* the compass of the voices for which they are intended. It is believed that the musical abilities usually found among the members of congregations will enable them, with a little attention to the subject, to join, under the lead of a competent chorister, — and more certainly under the lead of a good choir, — in the chant; and that its occasional use will not only be highly interesting and salutary in itself, but that it will heighten, by contrast, the effect of the sacred melodies and harmonies now so generally used in connection with metrical psalmody.

CHANTS, generally, are either of two, three, or four strains; and each strain consists of the chanting note, or chord, and a cadence of either two or of three measures. The chanting note, or chord, is expressed by a single note, or chord, filling one measure, but which is to be continued, without regard to time, sufficiently long to recite that portion of the verse to which it is applied, with due regard to articulation, accent, punctuation, and expression. The cadences are to be sung *in time*. Some chants are not of

REMARKS ON CHANTS AND CHANTING.

this regular construction, and good effects are often produced by these peculiar chants.

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING have generally been made from the Scriptures; but there is no good reason why they should be exclusively so made. Metrical compositions generally, and particularly those of a devotional or suppliant character, can be most effectively performed in this manner. Many hymns, which are, on account of irregularity in the accent or in the structure of the stanzas, ill adapted to a common tune, and therefore are either excluded from our hymn books or but seldom used, may be retained and performed in this way with the best effect.

Chanting should be performed, generally, with much less power of voice than is requisite in singing common tunes; and, perhaps, the best rule which can be adopted is, to use no more exertion than would be necessary in reading the verse to an audience, and, above all, to keep the voice *subservient* to the general effect produced by the choir or congregation.

MARKS USED IN THESE SELECTIONS:—

The dash (—), which marks the places where the breath may be most advantageously taken. The breath should never be drawn except at a pause.

The upright dash (|), which corresponds to the bars of the chant, and marks the portions of the verse to be applied to the measures of the cadences.

The double dash (=), which signifies that a syllable is to be continued through the measure.

The points (· ·), which assign the syllables in a measure to the first or last half of a measure.

THE COMPILER.

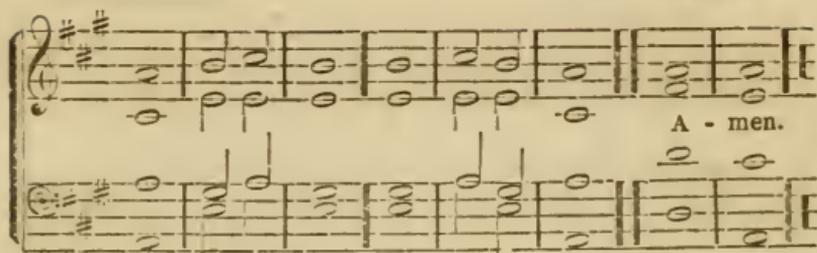
 NOTE TO MINISTERS. — *The number of the SELECTION, and not that of the Chant, should be given out from the pulpit.*

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CHANTS, AND SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

No. 1.

DR. CLARKE.



1. PSALM CXXII. 1—4, 6—9.

- { 1 I WAS glad when they said unto me,—
 let us go into the | house .. of the | Lord.
 { 2 Our feet shall stand within thy | gates, .. O Je- | rusalem.
 { 3 Jerusalem is builded as a city that is com- | pact .: to- | gether.
 { 4 Whither the tribes go up,—the tribes of the Lord,
 unto the testimony of Israel,—
 to give thanks unto the | name .. of the | Lord.
 { 6 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem:—
 they shall | prosper .. that | love thee.
 { 7 Peace be within thy walls,—
 and prosperity with- | in .. thy | palaces.
 { 8 For my brethren and companions' sakes,
 I will now say, — | Peace .. be with- | in thee.
 { 9 Because of the house of the Lord our God,—
 I will | seek .. thy | good.

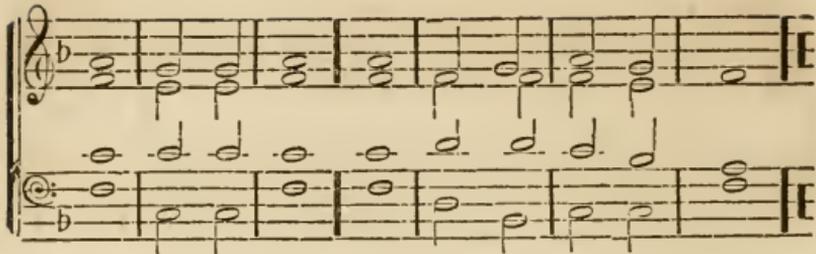
2. ISAIAH LVI. 4—7.

- { THUS saith the Lord
 unto them that | keep .. my | Sabbaths,
 { And choose the things that please me,
 and take | hold .. of my | covenant.
 { Even unto them will I give, in mine house.
 and within my walls,— a place and a name
 better than of | sons .. and of | daughters.
 { I will give them an everlasting name,—
 that shall | not .. be | cut off.
 { Also the sons of the stranger,
 that join themselves to the Lord, to serve him,—
 and to love the | name .. of the | Lord,
 { Even them will I bring to my holy mountain,—
 and make them joyful in my | house .. of | prayer.

CHANTS, AND

No. 2.

GREGORIAN.



3. PSALM CXIX. 97—104.

- { 97 O, how I love thy law!—
it is my meditation through | all .. the | day.
- { 98 Thou, through thy commandments,
hast made me wiser than mine enemies;—
for | they .. are | ev .. er | with me.
- { 99 I have more understanding than all my teachers;—
for thy testimonies are my | med .. i - | tation.
- { 100 I understand more than the ancients,
be - | cause .. I | keep .. thy | precepts.
- { 101 I have refrained my feet from every evil way,—
that I might | keep .. thy | word.
- { 102 I have not departed from thy judgments;—
for | thou, .. O | Lord, .. hast | taught me.
- { 103 How sweet are thy words unto my taste!—
Yea, — sweeter than | honey .. to my | mouth.
- { 104 Through thy precepts I get understanding;—
therefore I | hate .. every | false = | way.

4. HYMN. 6s & 4s.

- 1 To-DAY the Saviour calls:—
Ye | wanderers, | come;—
O, ye benighted | souls, ..
Why | longer | roam?
- 2 To-day the Saviour calls;—
O, | hear him | now;
Within these sacred | walls.
To | Jesus | bow.

[See Hymn 453.]

5. HYMN. 6, 6, & 4s.

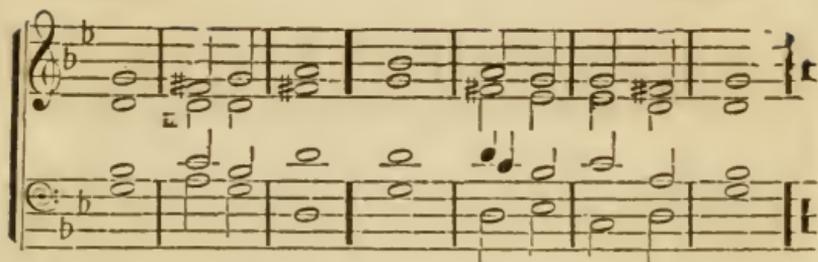
- 1 LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee, —
| Father .. di - | vine;
A hymn of suppliant breath,—
Owning that life and | death ..
A - | like .. are | thine.

[See Hymn 680.]

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

No. 3.

GOULD

**6.** HYMN. 8, 8, 8, & 6.

- 1 MY God, my Father, — while I stray
Far from my home, on | life's .. rough | way,
O, teach me from my heart to say, —
“Thy | will, .. my | God, .. be | done.”
- 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot, —
Let me be still, and | mur .. mur | not,
And breathe the prayer divinely taught. —
“Thy | will, .. my | God, .. be | done.”
- 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no | long .. er | nigh;
Submissive still would I reply, —
“Thy | will, .. my | God, .. be | done.”
- 4 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, — it | ne'er .. was | mine,
I only yield thee what is thine; —
“Thy | will, . my | God, .. be | done.”

7. FAST DAY.

[From Daniel ix.]

{ O LORD, — the great and | dread .. ful | God,
Keeping covenant and mercy to them that love him, —
{ and to | them .. that | keep .. his com- | mandments.

{ We have sinned, and have committed iniquity,
and have done wickedly, and | have .. re- | belled,
{ Even by departing from
thy | precepts .. and | from .. thy | judgments.

{ O Lord, righteousness be- | longeth .. unto | thee;
But unto us confusion of face; as at this day, —
{ because we have | sinned .. a- | gainst = | thee.

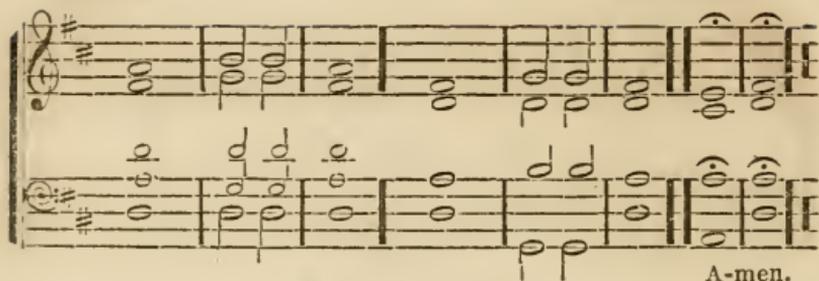
{ Now, therefore, O our God, — hear the prayer of thy
servants, and their | sup .. pli- | cations;
{ And cause thy face to shine upon thy
sanctuary that is desolate, | for .. the | Lord's = | sake.

{ For we do not present our supplications
before thee for | our = | righteousness,
{ But for | thy .. great | mer- = | cies

CHANTS, AND

No. 4.

L. MASON.*



8. PSALM XXIII.

- { 1 THE Lord is my Shepherd ; — I | shall .. not | want.
 { 2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : —
 He leadeth me beside the | still = | waters.
 { 3 He restoreth my soul ; — he leadeth me
 in the paths of righteousness
 for his | name's = | sake. —
 { 4 Yea, — though I walk through the valley
 of the shadow of death,
 I will fear no evil : — for thou art with me, —
 thy rod and thy | staff .. they | comfort me.
 { 5 Thou preparest a table before me
 in the presence of mine enemies : —
 thou anointest my head with oil ; —
 my | cup .. runneth | over.
 { 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
 all the days of my life ; —
 and I shall dwell in the house of the | Lord .. for- | ever.

9. PSALM CIII. 3—13.

- { 8 THE Lord is merciful and gracious, —
 slow to anger, — and | plenteous .. in | mercy.
 { 9 He will not always chide,
 neither will he keep his | anger .. for- | ever.
 { 10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins ; —
 nor rewarded us according to | our .. in- | iquities :
 { 11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, —
 so great is his mercy toward | them .. that | fear him.
 { 12 As far as the east is from the west, —
 so far hath he removed our trans- | gres .. sions | from us.
 { 13 Like as a father pitieth his children, —
 so the Lord pitieth | them .. that | fear him.

* This chant, and Nos. 5, 9, 19, and 21, are taken, by permission, from L. Mason's "Book of Chants."

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

10. PSALM LXV. 4, 5, 8—11, 13.

- { 4 BLESSED is the man whom thou choosest, —
and causest to approach unto thee, —
that he may | dwell .. in thy | courts:
We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, —
even of thy | ho .. ly | temple.
- { 5 By terrible things in righteousness
wilt thou answer us, —
O | God of .. our sal- | vation, —
Who art the confidence of all the earth,
and of them that are afar | off .. upon the | sea.
- { 8 They that dwell in the uttermost parts
are a- | fraid .. at thy | tokens ; —
Thou makest the outgoings of the morning
and | evening .. to re- | joice.
- { 9 Thou visitest the earth and waterest it ; —
thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, —
which is | full .. of | water.
Thou preparest them corn
when thou hast so pro- | vi .. ded | for it.
- { 10 Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly ; —
thou settest the | furrows .. there- | of ;
Thou makest it soft with showers ;
thou blessest the | springing .. there- | of.
- { 11 Thou crownest the year with thy goodness ; —
and thy | paths .. drop | fatness.
- { 13 The pastures are clothed with flocks, —
the valleys also with corn ; —
they shout for | joy .. and | sing.

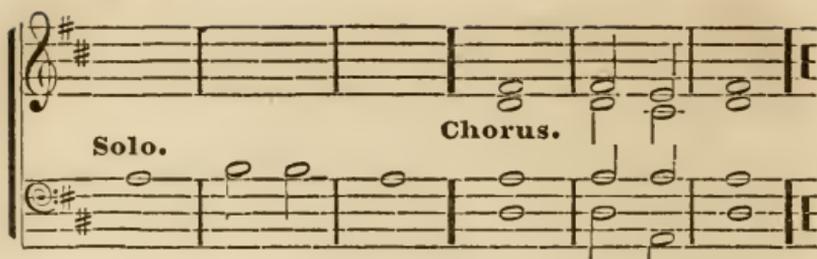
11. PSALM XCII. 12—15.

- { 12 THE righteous shall | flourish .. like the | palm-tree ;
He shall grow like a | cedar .. in | Lebanon.
- { 13 Those that be planted in the | house .. of the | Lord,
Shall flourish in the | courts of .. our | God.
- { 14 They shall bring forth | fruit in .. old | age ;
They shall be | fat .. and | flourishing.
- { 15 To show that the | Lord .. is | upright ;
He is my Rock, —
there is no un- | righteousness .. in | him.

CHANTS, AND

No. 5.

L. MASON.



12.

PSALM XIX.

- { 1 THE heavens declare the glory of God;—
and the firmament showeth his | handy = | work.
- { 2 Day unto day uttereth speech, —
and night unto | night.. showeth | knowledge.
- { 3 There is no speech nor language where
their | voice.. is not | heard.
- { 4 Their line is gone out through all the earth, —
and their words to the | end.. of the | earth.
- { 5 In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, —
which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
and rejoiceth as a strong man to | run.. a | race.
- { 6 His going forth is from the end of the heaven, —
and his circuit to the ends of it, —
and there is nothing hid from the | heat.. of the | sun
- { 7 The law of the Lord is perfect, —
con- | verting.. the | soul.
The testimony of the Lord is sure, —
making | wise.. the | simple.
- { 8 The statutes of the Lord are right, —
re- | joicing.. the | heart.
The commandment of the Lord is pure, —
en- | lightening.. the | eyes.
- { 9 The fear of the Lord is clean, —
en- | during.. for- | ever.
The judgments of the Lord are true, —
and | righteous.. alto- | gether.
- { 10 More to be desired are they than gold, —
yea, than much fine gold; —
sweeter also than honey and the | honey = | comb.
- { 11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned; —
and in keeping of them there is | great.. re- | ward.
- { 12 Who can understand his errors? —
cleanse thou me from | se.. cret | faults.
- { 14 Let the words of my mouth,
and the meditations of my heart, —
be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, —
my strength and my Re- | deemer... A- | men.

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

13. PSALM V. 1—8, 11.

- { 1 GIVE ear unto my words, O Lord, —
consider my | med . . i- | tation.
- { 2 Harken unto the voice of my cry, —
my King, and my God: —
for unto | thee . . will I | pray.
- { 3 My voice thou shalt hear in the morning,
O Lord; — in the morning will I direct my
prayer unto thee, — and | will . . look | up.
- { 4 For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in
wickedness; — neither shall | evil . . dwell | with thee.
- { 5 The foolish shall not stand in thy sight; —
thou hatest all | workers . . of in- | iquity.
- { 6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: —
the Lord will abhor the de- | ceit . . ful | man.
- { 7 But as for me, I will come into thy house; —
and in thy fear will I worship
toward thy | ho . . ly | temple.
- { 8 Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness,
because of mine enemies;
make thy way straight be- | fore . . my | face.
- { 11 But let all those that put their
trust in | thee . . re- | joice;
Let them also that love thy name —
be | joyful . . in | thee

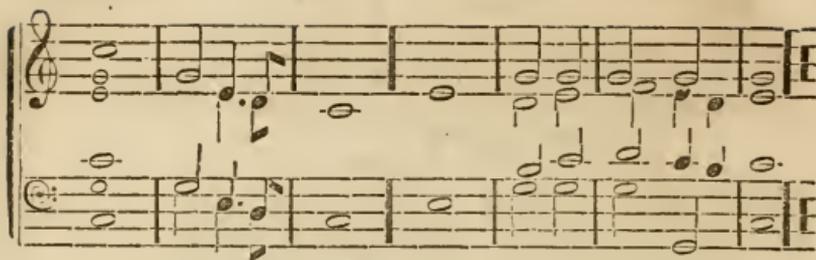
14. HYMN. C. M.

- 1
- SOLO HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our e- | ter . . nal | King;
- CHORUS . . "Thrice holy, Lord," the angels cry; —
"Thrice holy," | let . . us | sing.
- 2
- SOLO The deepest reverence of the mind
Pay, O my | soul, . . to | God;
- CHORUS . . Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart
To his sub- | lime . . a- | bode.
- 3
- CHOIR With sacred awe pronounce his name, —
Whom words nor | thoughts . . can | reach;
- CONGR A contrite heart shall please him more
Than noblest | forms . . of | speech.
- 4
- CHOIR Thou holy God, preserve my soul
From all pol- | lu . . tion | free;
- CONGR The pure in heart are thy delight, —
And they thy | face . . shall | see.

CHANTS, AND

No. 6.

B. F. E.



The first measure may be sung in unison with full accomp. or in parts.

15.

PSALM XCVI.

- { 1 O, SING unto the Lord a new song; —
sing unto the | Lord, .. all the | earth.
- { 2 Sing unto the Lord, — bless his name, —
show forth his sal- | vation .. from | day .. to | day.
- { 3 Declare his glory among the heathen, —
his wonders a- | mong .. all | people.
- { 4 For the Lord is great, — and greatly to be praised: —
he is to be | feared .. a- | bove .. all | gods.
- { 5 For the gods of the nations are idols; —
but the | Lord .. made the | heavens.
- { 6 Honor and majesty are before him; —
strength and | beauty .. are | in .. his | sanctuary.
- { 7 Give unto the Lord, — O ye kindreds of the people, —
give unto the Lord | glory .. and | strength.
- { 8 Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name: —
bring an offering, — and | come .. in- | to .. his | courts.
- { 9 O, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: —
fear before | him, .. all the | earth.
- { 10 Say among the heathen, that the Lord reigneth: —
he shall | judge the | peo .. ple | righteously.
- { 11 Let the heavens rejoice, — and let the earth be glad
be- | fore .. the | Lord.
- { 13 For he cometh to judge the earth; —
he shall judge the world with righteousness, —
and the | peo .. ple | with .. his | truth.

16.

PSALM CXLV. 1—7, 21.

- { 1 I WILL extol thee, my God, O King, —
and I will bless thy name for- | ever .. and | ever.
- { 2 Every day will I bless thee; —
and I will praise thy | name .. for- | ever .. and | ever.
- { 3 Great is the Lord, — and greatly to be praised, —
and his greatness | is .. un- | searchable.
- { 4 One generation shall praise thy works to another, —
and shall de- | clare .. thy | might .. y | acts.

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

- 5 I will speak of the glorious honor of thy majesty, —
 and of thy | won . . drous | works.
 6 And men shall speak of the might of thy
 terrible acts; — and | I . . will de- | clare . . thy | greatness
 7 They shall abundantly utter
 the memory of thy great goodness, —
 and shall | sing . . of thy | righteousness.
 21 Let all flesh bless his
 holy | name . . for- | ever . . and | ever.

17. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 LIFT up your heads, eternal gates,
 Unfold, to entertain
 The | King of | glory; —
 see, he comes
 With | his ce- | les . . tial | train.
 2 “Who is this King of | glo . . ry? — | who?” —
 The Lord, for strength renowned;
 In battle mighty, — o’er his foes
 E- | ter . . nal | Vic . . tor | crowned.
 3 Lift up your heads, eternal gates, —
 Unfold, to entertain
 The | King . . of | glory; —
 see, he comes
 With | all . . his | shin . . ing | train.
 4 “Who is this King of | glo . . ry? — | who?” —
 The Lord of hosts renowned: —
 Of glory he alone is King,
 Who | is . . with | glo . . ry | crowned.

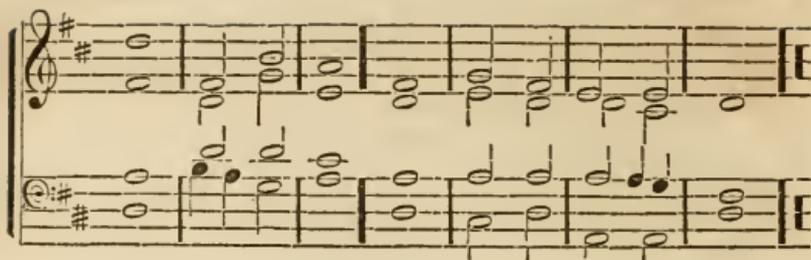
18. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 THE Lord our God is clothed with might; —
 The winds o | bey . . his | will;
 He speaks — and in his heavenly height
 The | roll . . ing | sun . . stands | still.
 2 Rebel, ye waves, — and o’er the land
 With threatening | as . . pect | roar;
 The Lord uplifts his awful hand, —
 And | chains . . you | to . . the | shore
 3 Ye waves of night, your force combine; —
 Without his | high . . be- | hest,
 Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
 Dis- | turb . . the | spar . . row’s | nest.
 4 His voice sublime is heard afar; —
 In distant | peals . . it | dies;
 He binds the whirlwind to his car,
 And | sweeps . . the | howl . . ing | skies.
 5 Ye nations, bend; — in reverence bend; —
 Ye monarchs, | wait . . his | nod,
 And bid the choral song ascend
 To | cel . . e- | brate . . our | God.

CHANTS, AND

No. 7.

DR. BECKWITH.



19.

PSALM CL.

- { 1 PRAISE ye the Lord. — Praise God in his sanctuary; —
praise him in the firmament | of .. his | power.
- { 2 Praise him for his mighty acts; —
praise him according to his | excel .. lent | great = | ness.
- { 3 Praise him with the sound of the trumpet; —
praise him with | psaltery .. and | harp;
- { 4 Praise him with timbrel and dance; —
praise him with | stringed .. instru- | ments .. and | organs.
- { 5 Praise him upon the loud cymbals; —
praise him upon the | high .. sounding | cymbals.
- { 6 Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. —
Halle- | lu .. jah! | praise .. ye the | Lord.

20.

ORDINATION.

[Ps. lxxviii. 11, 18.]

- { THE Lord | gave the | word;
The Lord gave the word; —
great was the | company .. of | those that | published it.
- { Thou hast ascended on high; —
thou hast received | gifts .. for | men.
- { Thou hast received gifts for men; —
that the | Lord .. might | dwell .. a- | mong them.

[2 Chron. vi. 41.]

- { Now therefore arise, — | O .. Lord | God.
Now therefore arise into thy resting-place, —
| thou .. and the | ark .. of thy | strength:
- { Let thy priests, — O Lord God, —
be | clothed .. with sal- | vation;
And let thy | saints .. re- | joice .. in | goodness.
- { And now, Lord, grant unto thy servants
that with all boldness they may | speak .. thy | word.
Amen, | A .. men, | A- = | men.

[Acts iv. 29.]

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

No. 8.

GOULD.



21. SELECTION.

[Ps. xxxix. 4, 5, 6.]

{ LORD, make me to know mine end, —
and the measure of my days, | what .. it | is;
{ That I may know how | frail .. I | am.

{ Behold, thou hast made my days
as a handbreadth, — and mine
age as | nothing .. be- | fore thee :
{ Verily, — every man at his best state
is altogether | van .. i- | ty.

{ Surely every man walketh in a vain show; —
they are dis- | quieted .. in | vain :
{ He heapeth up riches, —
and knoweth not | who .. shall | gather them.

[Ps. xlix. 17, 19.]

{ For when he dieth he shall
carry nothing away; —
his glory shall not de- | scend = | after him :—
{ He shall go to the gene- | ration .. of his | fathers.

22. HYMN. 8s & 4s.

1 ALAS! how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth —
That | lure .. us | here!
Dreams of a sleep that death must break :—
Alas! before it bids us wake, —
They | dis .. ap- | pear.

2 Where is the strength that spurned decay, —
The step that rolled so light and gay, —
The | heart's .. blithe | tone ?
The strength is gone, the step is slow, —
And joy grows weariness and woe,
When | age .. comes | on.

[See Hymn 752.]

CHANTS, AND

No. 9.

L. MASON.

Solo, or unison.

23. PSALM XC. 1—6, 11, 12.

- { 1 LORD, thou hast been our dwelling-place, —
in | all .. gene- | rations.
- { 2 Before the mountains were brought forth, —
or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, —
even from everlasting to
ever- | last .. ing — | thou .. art | God.
- { 3 Thou turnest man to destruction; — and sayest, —
Return, — ye | children .. of | men.
- { 4 For a thousand years, —
are but as yesterday when it is past,
and | as . a | watch .. in the | night.
- { 5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; —
they are as a sleep; —
in the morning they are like grass which | grow .. eth | up.
- { 6 In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up;
in the evening it is
cut | down, .. — *cut | down* .. — and | withereth.
- { 11 Who knoweth the power of thine anger? —
even according to thy fear, — | so .. is thy | wrath.
- { 12 So teach us to number our days,
that we may ap- | ply .. our | hearts .. unto | wisdom.

24. HYMN. 8s & 6. Peculiar.

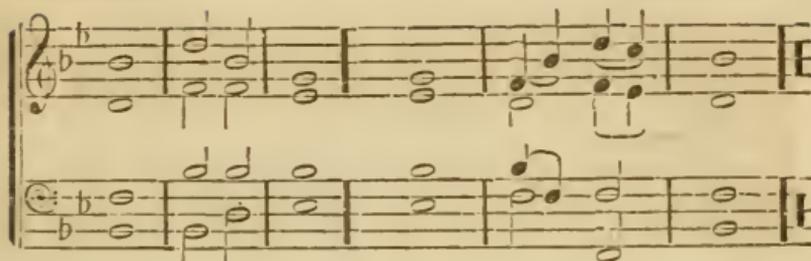
- 1 BEYOND where Cedron's waters flow, —
Behold the suffering Saviour go
To | sad .. Geth- | semane;
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief ap- | pears .. in | eve .. ry | line.
- 2 He bows beneath the sins of men; —
He cries to God, and cries again,
In | sad .. Geth- | semane;
He lifts his mournful eyes above —
“ My Father, | can .. this | cup .. re- | move ? ”

[See Hymn 220.]

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

No. 10.

W. B. BRADBURY.



25. PSALM CXVIII. 19, 21—29.

- { 19 OPEN unto me the gates of righteousness; —
I will go into them, and I will | praise .. the | Lord.
- { 21 I will praise thee; — for thou hast heard me,
and art be- | come .. my sal- | vation.
- { 22 The stone which the builders refused
is become the | head-stone .. of the | corner.
- { 23 This is the Lord's doing; —
it is marvellous | in .. our | eyes.
- { 24 This is the day which the Lord hath made; —
we will rejoice and be | glad .. in | it.
- { 25 Save now, I beseech thee, O Lord; —
O Lord, I beseech thee, — send | now .. pros- | perity.
- { 26 Blessed be he that cometh
in the | name .. of the | Lord :
- { " We have blessed you out of
the | house .. of the | Lord.
- { 27 God is the Lord,
which hath | showed .. us | light: —
- { " Bind the sacrifice with cords,
even unto the | horns .. of the | altar.
- { 28 Thou art my God, and I will praise thee ;
thou art my God, — I will ex- | alt = | thee.
- { 29 O, give thanks unto the Lord; —
for he is good; —
for his mercy endureth forever. — | A- = | men.

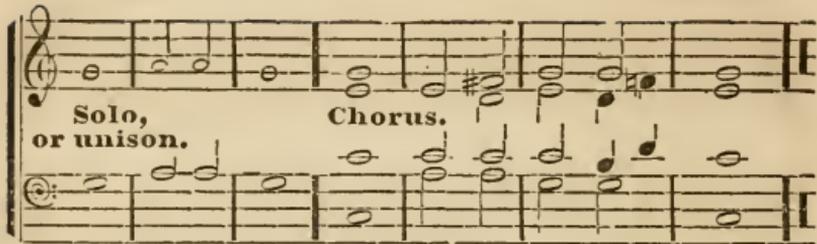
26. PSALM CXVII.

- { 1 O, PRAISE the Lord, all ye nations, —
praise him, | all .. ye | people.
- { 2 For his merciful kindness is great toward us; —
and the truth of the Lord endureth
forever. — | Praise .. ye the | Lord.

CHANTS, AND

No. 11.

B. F. E.



27.

FROM PSALM CVI.

SOLO. { O THAT men would | praise . . the | Lord ;

CHO. { For he satisfieth the longing soul ; —
and filleth the | hun . . gry | soul . . with | fatness.

SOLO. { O that men would praise the | Lord . . for his | goodness ;

CHO. { For he hath broken the gates of brass, —
and cut the | bars . . of | iron . . in | sunder.

SOLO. { O that men would praise the Lord

CHO. { for his | wonder . . ful | works ;
And sacrifice the sacrifice of thanksgiving, —
and de- | clare . . his | works . . with re- | joicing.

SOLO. { O that men would praise the Lord

CHO. { for his goodness to the | children . . of | men,
And exalt him also in the congregation
of the people, — and praise him
in the as- | sem . . bly | of . . the | elders.

SOLO. { He turneth the wilderness into standing water, —
and the dry | ground . . into | water-springs :

CHO. { And there he maketh the hungry to dwell, —
that they may prepare a | city . . for | hab . . i- | tation

28.

HYMN. H. M.

[Sing Chants Nos. 11 and 12 in connection, thus forming a double chant.]

1

CH. 11 . . . HERE, gracious God, — do thou

In mercy | now . . draw | nigh ;
Accept each faithful prayer, —
And | mark . . each | sup . . pliant | sigh ;

CH. 12 . . . In copious shower, — on | all . . who | pray

This holy | day . . thy | bless . . ings | pour.

2

CH. 11 . . . Here may we find, from heaven,

The grace which | we . . im- | plore ;
And may that grace once given
Be | with . . us | ev . . er- | more.

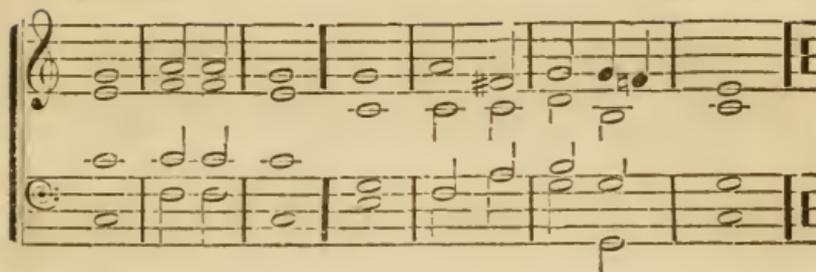
CH. 12 . . . Until that day when | all . . the | blest

To endless | rest . . are | called . . a- | way.

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

No. 12.

B. F. E.

**29.** ISAIAH LV. 1, 2, 3, 7.

{ Ho, every one that thirsteth, — come ye to
the waters, — and he that hath no money; —
come ye, | buy .. and | eat;

{ Yea, — come, — buy wine and milk
without | money .. and | with .. out | price.

{ Wherefore do you spend money for that
which is not bread, — and your labor
for that which | satis .. fieth | not? —

{ Hearken diligently unto me, — and eat ye
that which is good; — and let your
soul de- | light .. it- | self .. in | fatness.

{ Incline your ear, and come unto me; —
hear, — and your | soul shall | live;

{ And I will make an everlasting covenant with you, —
even the sure | mercies .. of | Da = | vid.

{ Let the wicked forsake his way, —
and the unrighteous | man .. his | thoughts:

{ And let him return unto the Lord, —
and he will have mercy upon him; —
and to our God; — for | he .. will a- | bundant .. ly | pardon.

30. HYMN. 6s & 10s.

[Chants 11 & 12 in connection.]

1

CH. 11. THOU, who didst stoop below,
To drain the | cup .. of | woe, —
And wear the form of | frail .. mor- | tal .. i- | ty,

CH. 12. Thy blessed labors done, —
Thy crown of | vict' .. ry | won, —
Hast passed from earth | up .. to thy | home .. on | high.

2

CH. 11. It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark | world .. of | ours,
Beloved of the | Fa .. ther, | thou .. didst | tread; —

CH. 12. And shall we, in dismay,
Shrink from the | nar .. row | way,
When clouds and darkness | are .. a- | round .. it | spread ?

CHANTS, AND

No. 13.

A. B. Arranged from Malan.

31. FROM PSALM CXVI.

- { A. 1 I LOVE the Lord, — because he hath heard
my | voice .. and my | sup .. pli - | cations.
- { B. 2 Because he has inclined his ear unto *me*, — therefore
will I call upon | *him* .. as | long .. as I | live. . SYM.
- { B. 5 Gracious is the Lord, — and righteous: — | yea .. our |
God .. is | merciful.
- { A. 6 The Lord preserveth the simple: —
I was brought | low, .. and he | help .. ed | me.
- { B. 8 He has delivered my soul from death, — mine eyes
from | tears .. and my | feet .. from | falling. SYM.
- { A. 12 What shall I render to the Lord, —
for | all .. his | benefits .. t'ward | me? —
- { B. 13 I will take the cup of salvation, —
and | call .. on the | name .. of the | Lord.
- { A. 14 I will pay my vows unto the
Lord, — | now .. in the | presence .. of his | people.
SYM
- { A. 18 I will pay my | vows .. un- | to .. the | Lord,
{ B. 19 In the courts of the Lord's house, —
in the midst of | thee, .. O Je- | ru .. sa- | lem. SYM.
- B. " Praise ye the | Lord, .. praise | ye .. the | Lord.

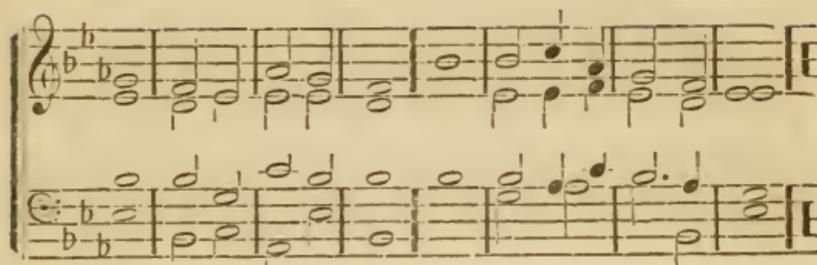
32. HYMN. 8s, 7s & 4.

- " { A. 1 In thy name, O Lord, assembling, —
We, thy | peo .. ple. | now .. draw | near; —
- { B. .. Teach us to rejoice with trembling, —
Speak, — and | let .. thy | ser .. vants | hear, —
- { A. Hear with meekness, —
Hear thy | word .. with | ho .. ly | fear.
- { A. 2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
Let us | give .. them, | Lord, .. to | thee; —
- { B. .. Cheered by hope, — and daily strengthened, —
We would | run, .. nor | wea .. ry | be, —
- { A. Till thy glory,
Without | clouds, .. in | heaven .. we | see.

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

No. 14.

B. F. E.

**33.** PSALM CIII. 1—4, 13—17.

- { 1 BLESS the Lord, O my soul, — and all that is
 within me, — | bless .. his | ho .. ly | name.
 { 2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, —
 and for- | get .. not | all .. his | benefits.
 { 3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities ; —
 who | heal .. eth | all .. thy dis- | cases :
 { 4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction ; —
 who crowneth thee
 with | kindness .. and | ten .. der | mercies.
 { 13 Like as a father pitieth his children, —
 so the Lord pitieth | them .. that | fear = | him.
 { 14 For he knoweth our frame ; —
 he re- | membereth .. that | we .. are | dust.
 { 15 As for man, — his days are as grass : —
 as a | flower .. of the | field, .. so he | flourisheth.
 { 16 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, —
 and the place there- | of .. shall | know it .. no | more.
 { 17 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting
 to ever- | lasting .. on | those .. that | fear him ;
 { “ And his righteousness unto | chil .. dren’s | chil- = | dren.

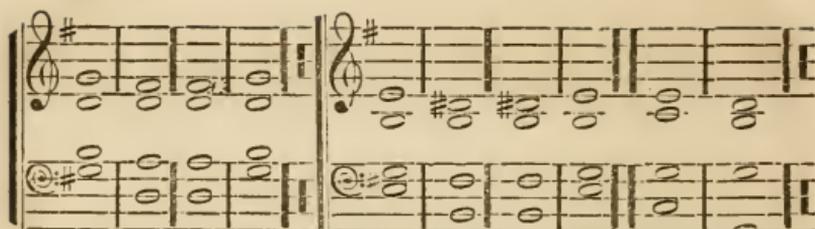
34. THE LORD’S PRAYER.

- { OUR Father, who art in heaven, —
 | hallow .. ed | be .. thy | name, —
 { Thy kingdom come, — thy will be done, —
 on | earth .. as it | is .. in | heaven.
 { Give us this day | our = | dai .. ly | bread ; —
 { And forgive us our trespasses, —
 as we forgive | them .. that | trespass .. a- | gainst us.
 { And lead us not into temptation, —
 but de- | liv .. er | us .. from | evil : —
 { For thine is the kingdom, — and the power, —
 and the glory, for- | ev .. er. | A- = | men.

CHANTS, AND

No. 15.

No. 16.



CODA.

35.

PSALM I.

- CH. 15. { BLESSED is the man that walketh not
in the counsel of the un- | godly,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners, —
nor sitteth in the seat of the | scornful.
- { But his delight is the law of the | Lord ;
And in his law doth he meditate day and | night.
- { And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of
water, — that bringeth forth fruit in his | season ;
His leaf also shall not wither ; —
and whatsoever he doeth shall | prosper. SYM.
- CH. 16. { The ungodly are not so : — but are like the
chaff which the wind driveth a- | way :
The ungodly shall not stand in judgment, —
nor sinners in the congregation of the | righteous :
- CH. 15. { For the Lord knoweth the way | of . . the | righteous,
CH. 16. { But the way of the un | godly . . shall | perish.

36.

HYMN. S. M.

- CH. 15. 1 THE man is ever blest
Who shuns the sinner's | ways, —
Among their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's | place, —
- 2 But makes the law of God
His study and de- | light, —
Amidst the labors of the day,
And watches of the | night.
- 3 He, like a tree, shall thrive,
With waters near the | root ; —
His name fresh as the leaf shall live ; —
His works are heavenly | fruit.
- CH. 16. 4 Not so th' ungodly race ; —
They no such blessings | find : —
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving | wind.

CHANTS, AND

No. 18.

B. F. E.

39.

DEDICATION.

[From 1 Kings viii.]

{ LORD God of Israel, — there is no other God like thee,
 in heaven above, — or in | earth .. be- | neath ; —
 { Who keepest covenant and mercy with thy servants,
 that walk be- | fore thee .. with | all .. their | hearts ; —
 { And hast fulfilled it with thine | hand .. as it | is .. this | day.

{ Behold, — the heaven and heaven of
 heavens | cannot .. con- | tain thee ; —
 { How much less this | house .. that | we .. have | builded ? —
 { Yet have thou respect unto the prayer of thy servants, —
 and to their suppli- | cations, .. O | Lord .. our | God.

{ Hearken unto the cry, — and to the prayer
 which thy servants pray be- | fore thee .. this | day ; —
 { That thine eyes may be opened towards
 this | house = | night .. and | day, —
 { Even toward the place of which thou hast said, —
 “ MY | NAME, — .. MY | NAME .. SHALL BE | THERE.”

{ Hearken thou to the supplications of thy servants
 when they shall | pray .. toward this | place ; —
 { And hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place ; —
 and | when .. thou | hearest, .. for- | give ;
 { And, — justifying the righteous, —
 do thou give them ac- | cord .. ing | to .. their | righteous-
 ness.

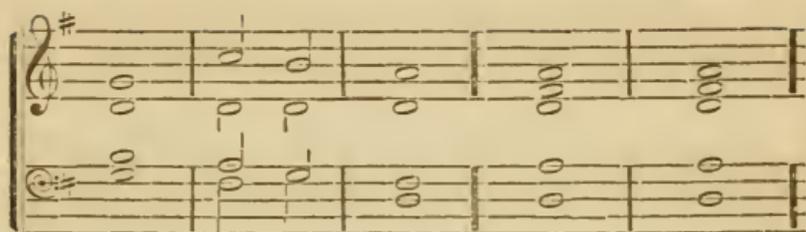
N. B.—Hymns of L. M. 6 lines, 8s & 7s, 6 lines, and C. H. M., may be sung to the above chant.

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

No. 19.

Peculiar.

L. MASON.



A - - men.

40.

ADORATION.

MONTGOMERY.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord
 God of Hosts! — when heaven and earth,
 Out of darkness, at thy word
 Issued into | glo . . rious | birth ;
 All thy works around thee stood,
 And thine eye beheld them | good.
 While they sang, with sweet accord,
 “ Ho . . ly, — | ho . . ly, — | ho . . ly | Lord.”

Holy, holy, holy! — Thee,
 Our Jehovah evermore,
 Father, Son, and Spirit! — we,
 Dust and ashes, — | would . . a - | dore : —
 Lightly by the world esteemed, —
 From that world by thee re - | deemed, —
 Sing we here with glad accord,
 “ Ho . . ly, | ho . . ly, — | ho . . ly | Lord.”

“ Holy, holy, holy,” — all
 Heaven’s triumphant choir shall sing ; —
 While the ransomed nations fall
 At the | footstool . . of their | King : —
 Then shall saints and seraphim,
 Harps and voices, swell one | hymn, —
 Blending, in sublime accord, —
 “ Ho . . ly, | ho . . ly, | ho . . ly | Lord.”

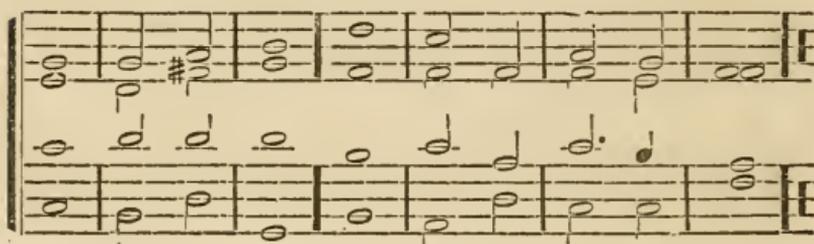
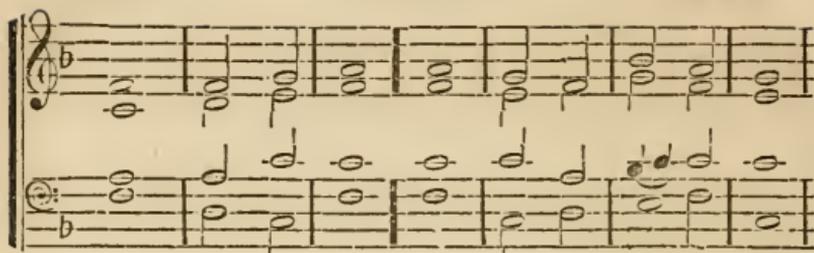
N. B. — Hymns 201, 8s & 7s, and 349, L. M., may be easily adapted, and sung with good effect, to chant No. 19.

CHANTS, AND

No. 20.

Double Chant.

LANGDON.



41. MATTHEW V. 3—12.

- 3 BLESSED are the poor in spirit; —
 for theirs is the | kingdom .. of | heaven.
- 4 Blessed are they
 that | mourn; .. for | they .. shall be | comforted.
- 5 Blessed are the meek; —
 for they shall in- | herit .. the | earth.
- 6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst
 after | righteousness; — .. for | they .. shall be | filled
- 7 Blessed are the merciful; —
 for they shall ob- | tain = | mercy.
- 8 Blessed are the pure
 in | heart .. for | they shall .. see | God.
- 9 Blessed are the peacemakers; —
 for they shall be called the | children .. of | God.
- 10 Blessed are they who are persecuted for
 righteousness' sake; —
 for | theirs .. is the | kingdom .. of | heaven.
- 11 Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, —
 and | perse .. cute | you;
 “ *Blessed are ye when men shall say all manner of
 evil against you | falsely, .. for | my = | sake.*
- 12 Rejoice, — and be exceeding glad; —
 for great is your re- | ward .. in | heaven; —
 “ For so persecuted they
 the | prophets .. which | were .. be- | fore you.

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

42.

HYMN.

- 1 WHEN spring unlocks the flowers — to paint
the | laugh .. ing | soil ; —
When summer's balmy showers
re- | fresh .. the | mow .. er's | toil ; —
When winter binds in frosty chains
the | fallow .. and the | flood ; —
In God the earth rejoiceth still, —
and | owns .. the | Ma .. ker | good.
- 2 The birds — that wake the morning, — and those
that | love .. the | shade ;
The winds — that sweep the mountain, —
or | lull .. the | drow .. sy | glade ; —
The sun — that from his amber bower
re- | joiceth .. on his | way ;
The moon and stars — their Maker's name
in | si .. lent | pomp .. dis- | play.
- 3 Shall man, — the lord of nature, —
expectant | of .. the | sky, —
Shall man, — alone unthankful,
his | grate .. ful | praise .. de- | ny ? —
No ; — should the years forsake their course, —
and | seasons .. cease to | be, —
Thee, — Father, — we must love, —
Cre- | a .. tor, | hon .. or | thee.
- 4 The flowers of spring may wither, — the hope
of | sum .. mer | fade ; —
The autumn droop in winter, —
the | birds .. for- | sake .. the | shade ; —
The winds be lulled, — the sun and moon
forget their | old .. de- | cree ; —
But we — in nature's latest hour, —
O | Lord, .. will | cling .. to | thee.

43.

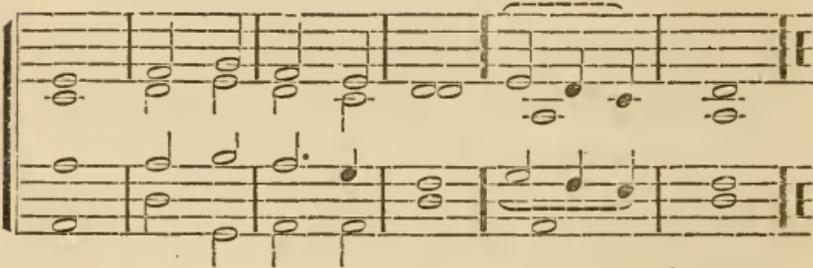
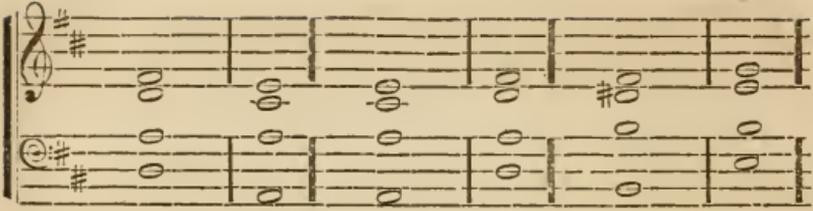
HYMN. L. M. 8 L.

- 1 THERE seems a voice in every gale, —
A tongue in every | ope .. ning | flower,
Which tells, O Lord, — the wondrous tale
Of thy in- | dul .. gence, | love, .. and | power ; —
The birds, that rise on quivering wing,
Appear to hymn their | Ma .. ker's | praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To thee a | gene .. ral | an .. them | raise.
- 2 And shall my voice, great God, — alone
Be mute 'midst Nature's | loud .. ac- | claim,
Nor let my heart, with answering tone,
Breathe forth in | praise .. thy | ho .. ly | name ? —
All Nature's debt is small to mine ; —
For Nature soon shall | cease .. to | be ;
But — matchless proof of love divine —
Thou gav'st im- | mor .. tal | life .. to | me.

CHANTS, AND

No. 21.

L. MASON.



A - men.

44. PSALM XVI.

{ PRESERVE me, O | God, —
 For in thee do I put my | trust.
 O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord,
 “Thou art my | Lord: —
 My goodness ex- | tend .. eth | not .. to | thee;”

{ But to the saints that are in the | earth,
 And to the excellent, in whom is all my de- | light.
 Their sorrows shall be multiplied
 that hasten after another | god:
 Their drink-offerings of blood will I not offer,
 nor take up their | names .. in- | to .. my | lips.

{ The Lord is the portion of my inheritance,
 and of my | cup:
 Thou maintainest my | lot.
 The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant | places:
 Yea, I | have a | goodly | heritage.

{ I will bless the Lord, who hath given me | counsel;
 My reins also instruct me in the | night season.
 I have set the Lord always be- | fore me;
 Because he is at my
 right | hand, .. I shall | not .. be | moved.

{ Therefore my heart is glad,
 and my glory re- | joiceth;
 My flesh also shall rest in | hope.
 For thou wilt not leave my soul in | hell;
 Neither wilt thou suffer thine
 Holy | One .. to | see .. cor- | ruption

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

- { Thou wilt show me the path of | life. —
 { Thou wilt show me the path of | life.
 { In thy presence is fulness of | joy;
 { At thy right hand there are | pleasures..for- |
 ev..er- | more.

45. PSALM LXXXVI. 1—6, 11, 12.

- { 1 Bow down thine ear, O | Lord;
 { Hear me, for I am poor and | needy;
 { 2 Preserve my soul, — for I am | holy;
 { O thou my God, — save thy servant
 that | trust..eth | in = | thee.
- { 3 Be merciful unto me, O | Lord;
 { For I cry unto thee | daily.
 { 4 Rejoice the soul of thy | servant;
 { For unto thee, O Lord,
 do I | lift = | up.. my | soul.
- { 5 For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to for- | give;
 { And plenteous in mercy unto all that call up- | on thee
 { 6 Give ear, O Lord, unto my | prayer;
 { And attend to the voice of my | sup..pli- | ca = | tions.
- { 11 Teach me thy way, O Lord; —
 { I will walk in thy | truth.
 { Unite my heart to fear thy | name.
 { 12 I will praise thee, O Lord my God, —
 { with all my | heart;
 { And I will glorify
 thy | name..for- | ev..er- | more.

46. THE LAST JUDGMENT.

- 1 GREAT God! — what do I see and hear! —
 The end of things cre- | ated; —
 Behold the Judge of man appear,
 On clouds of glory | seated! —
 The trumpet sounds! — the graves restore
 The dead, — which they contained be- | fore; —
 Pre- | pare, my | soul, to | meet him.
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's | sounding; —
 Caught up to meet him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord sur- | rounding; —
 No gloomy fears their souls dis- | may; —
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On | those pre- | pared to | meet him.

[See Hymn 1132.]

CHANTS, AND

No. 22.

Peculiar.

B. F. E.

47. 1 COR. XV. 51, 52, 54—57.

{ BEHOLD, — I show you a mystery ; —
 we shall not all | sleep, —
 But we shall all be changed, — in a moment, —
 in the twinkling of an eye, — at the last | trump ; —
 For the | trumpet . . shall | sound ; —
 And the dead shall be raised incorruptible,
 and | we = | shall . . be | changed.

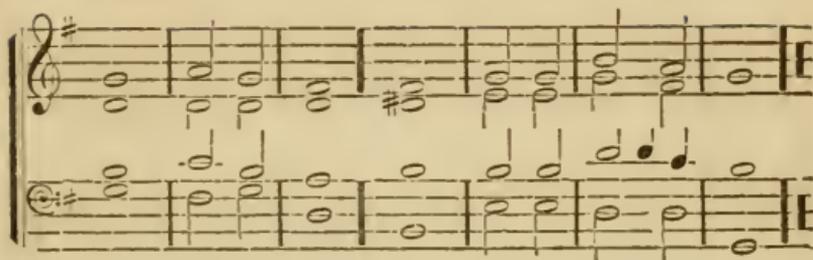
{ So when this corruptible
 shall have put on incor- | ruption, —
 And this mortal shall have
 put on immor- | tality, —
 Then shall be brought to pass
 the | saying . . that is | written,
 “ Death is swallowed | up . . in | vic . . to- | ry.”

{ O Death, — where is thy | sting ? —
 O Grave, — where is thy | victory ?
 The sting of | death is | sin, —
 And the | strength . . of | sin . . is the | law.

{ But thanks be to God, —
 which giveth us the | victory, —
 Through our Lord Jesus | Christ : —
 Therefore, beloved brethren, — be ye steadfast, —
 unmovable, — always abounding
 in the | work . . of the | Lord,
 Forasmuch as ye know that your
 labor is | not . . in | vain . . in the | Lord.

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

No. 23.



48. BAPTISMAL SELECTIONS.

{ ALL power is given unto me in | heaven .. and in | earth ;
 { Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, —
 baptizing them in the name of the Father, —
 and of the | Son .. and | Ho .. ly | Ghost.

{ Repent, and be baptized, every | one .. of | you,
 { In the name of Christ, | for the .. re- | mission .. of | sins.

{ He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved ; —
 { and now why | tarri .. est | thou ?

{ Arise, and be baptized, — and wash away thy sins, —
 calling on the name of the Lord ; — for thus it
 becometh | us .. to ful- | fil .. all | righteousness.

{ They who gladly received the word | were .. bap- | tized ;
 { And they of Jerusalem — were baptized in the
 river | Jordan .. con- | fessing .. their | sins.

{ Buried with Christ by baptism into death, —
 they rise in the likeness of his | res .. ur- | rection,
 { To walk in newness of life, —
 and | go .. on their | way .. re- | joicing.

{ For as many as have been baptized into Christ, —
 have | put .. on | Christ.

{ Therefore glorify God in your body, —
 and in your | spirit, .. which | are = | God's.

{ Blessed are they that | do .. his com- | mandments.

{ Great peace have they who love thy law, —
 and nothing | shall .. of- | fend = | them.

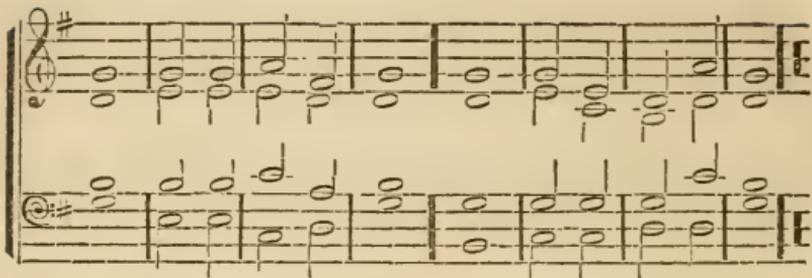
{ Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations to observe
 all things, whatsoever I have com- | mand .. ed | you
 { And lo ! I am with you always, —
 even | unto .. the | end .. of the | world.

49. HYMN. S. M.

1 WITH willing hearts we tread
 The path the | Sa .. viour | trod ;
 We love th' example of our Head,
 The | glo .. rious | Lamb .. of | God.

[See Hymn 798.]

No. 24.



50. BAPTISMAL SELECTIONS.

{ JESUS cometh from Galilee to Jordan, —
 unto John, to | be .. bap- | tized .. of | him.
 { And Jesus, when he was baptized, —
 went up | straight .. way | out .. of the | water.
 { See, here is water; — what doth
 hinder | me .. to | be .. bap- | tized ?
 { If thou believest with | all .. thy | heart, .. thou | mayest.
 { Can any man forbid water,
 that | these .. should not | be .. bap- | tized,
 { Which have received the Holy | Ghost .. as | well .. as | we ?
 { When they believed the things concerning the kingdom
 of God, — and the | name .. of | Je .. sus | Christ,
 { They were bap- | tized, .. both | men .. and | women.

51. HYMN. C. M.

1 WHILE in this sacred rite of thine,
 We | yield .. our | spir .. its | now,
 Shine o'er the waters, Dove divine,
 And | seal .. the | cheer .. ful | vow.
 2 All glory be to Him whose life
 For | ours .. was | free .. ly | given,
 Who aids us in the Spirit's strife,
 And | makes .. us | meet .. for | heaven.
 3 O, may we die to earth and sin,
 Be- | neath .. the | mys .. tic | flood;
 And when we rise, may we begin
 To | live .. a- | new .. for | God.

52. HYMN. L. M.

1 OUR Saviour bowed beneath the wave,
 And meekly | sought .. a | wa .. t'ry | grave:
 Come, see the sacred path he trod —
 A path well | pleas .. ing | to .. our | God.
 2 Hosanna to the Lamb divine!
 Let endless | glo .. ries | round .. him | shine;
 High o'er the heavens forever reign,
 O Lamb of | God, .. for | sin .. ners | slain.

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